

Hymns ^{of} the Kingdom

For use in
Religious Meetings

Editors

Adam Geibel
Rev. Wm. Stone

R. Frank Lehman
J. Wesley Hughes

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FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER

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PREFACE

"HYMNS OF THE KINGDOM" is unquestionably a book for the times. It is strong in the character and merit of both words and music. It embraces every subject and each page is singable. There are more than a hundred new songs of the best writers, many of which are published in this book for the first time.

The Evangelistic Department of more than fifty hymns, is especially adapted for Revival and Prayer Meetings, Camp Meetings, Altar Services and Young Peoples' Societies.

"HYMNS OF THE KINGDOM" is sent forth to be a helper in winning souls for the King. "And there were great voices in Heaven, saying, the Kingdoms of this world are become the Kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign forever and ever." Amen!

THE EDITORS

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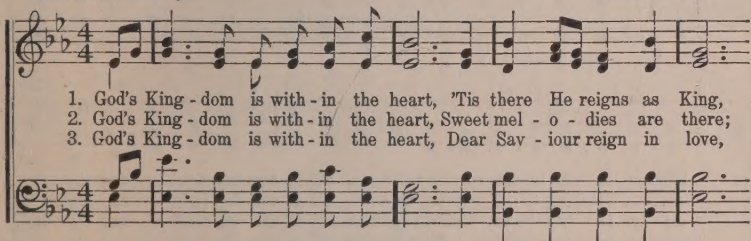
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Hymns of the Kingdom.

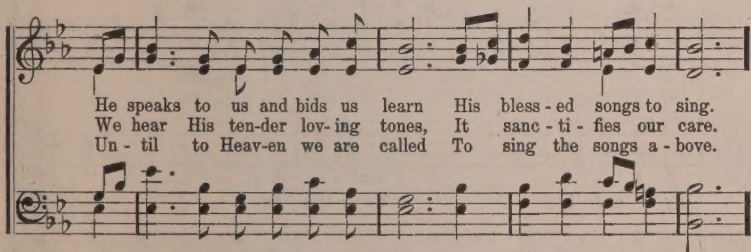
Songs of the Kingdom.

Marie L. Corley.

Adam Geibel.

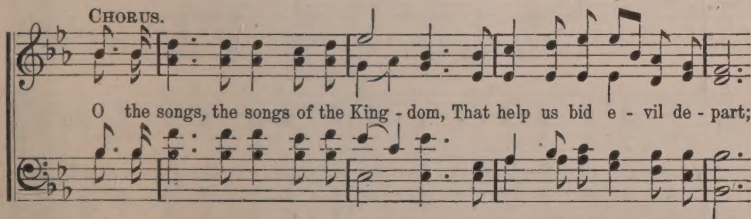


1. God's King - dom is with - in the heart, 'Tis there He reigns as King,
 2. God's King - dom is with - in the heart, Sweet mel - o - dies are there;
 3. God's King - dom is with - in the heart, Dear Sav - iour reign in love,

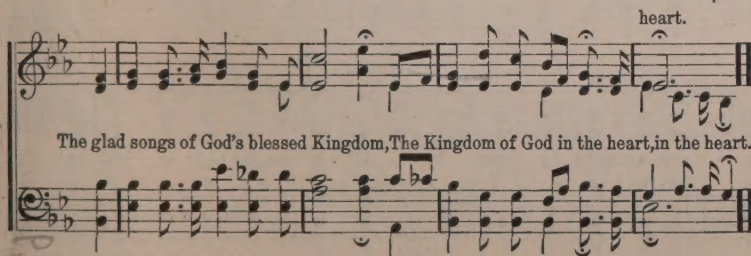


He speaks to us and bids us learn His bless - ed songs to sing.
 We hear His ten - der lov - ing tones, It sanc - ti - fies our care.
 Un - til to Heav - en we are called To sing the songs a - bove.

CHORUS.



O the songs, the songs of the King - dom, That help us bid e - vil de - part;



heart.
 The glad songs of God's blessed Kingdom, The Kingdom of God in the heart, in the heart.

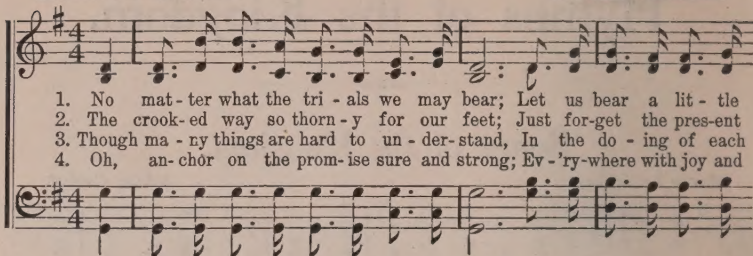
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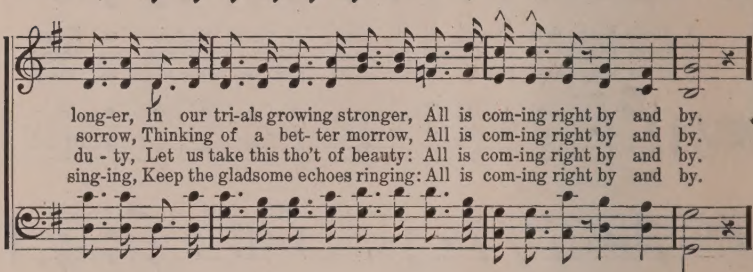
4. All is Coming Right By and By.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

R. Frank Lehman.

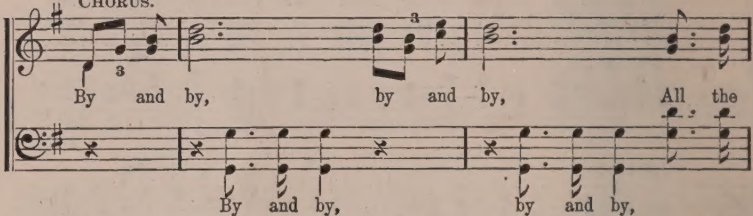


1. No mat-ter what the tri - als we may bear; Let us bear a lit - tle
 2. The crook-ed way so thorn-y for our feet; Just for-get the pres-ent
 3. Though ma - ny things are hard to un - der-stand, In the do - ing of each
 4. Oh, an-chōr on the prom-ise sure and strong; Ev-'ry-where with joy and

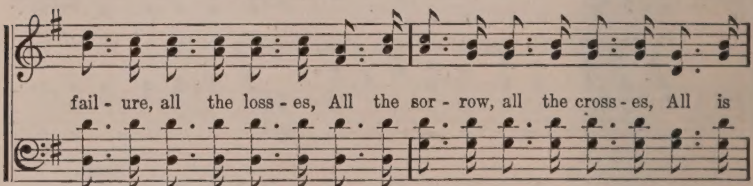


long-er, In our tri-als growing stronger, All is com-ing right by and by.
 sorrow, Thinking of a bet-ter morrow, All is com-ing right by and by.
 du - ty, Let us take this tho't of beauty: All is com-ing right by and by.
 sing-ing, Keep the gladsome echoes ringing: All is com-ing right by and by.

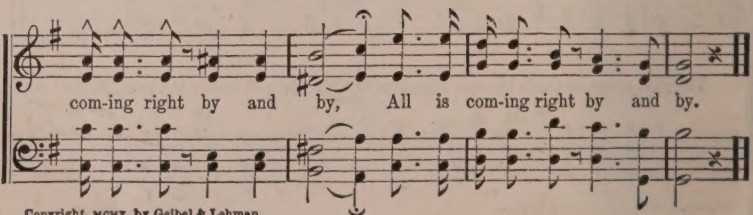
CHORUS.



By and by, by and by, All the
 By and by, by and by,



fail - ure, all the loss - es, All the sor - row, all the cross - es, All is

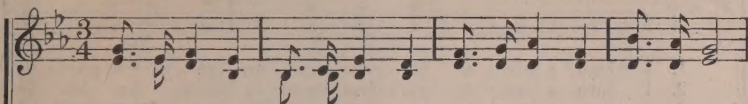


com-ing right by and by, All is com-ing right by and by.

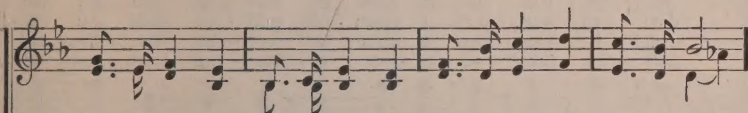
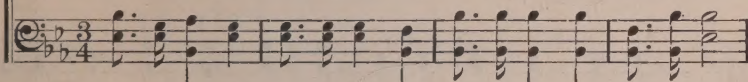
Numberless Blessings.

Dr. H. J. Zellej.

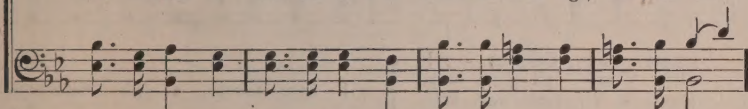
Rev. Wm. Stone.



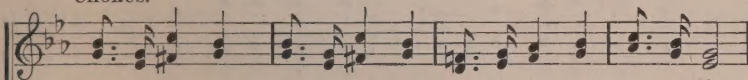
1. Count my bless-ings? Rath-er bid me Count the stars in heav'n a-bove,
2. Count my bless-ings? On the sea-shore Canst thou count the sand-grains there?
3. Count my bless-ings? I will do it If thou'lt count the flakes of snow;
4. Count my bless-ings? Tho' you sure-ly Count the rain-drops as they fall,



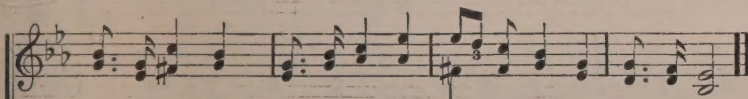
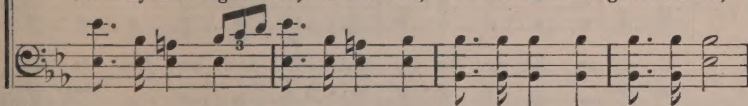
As to num-ber up be-fore thee All the proofs of Fa-ther's love.
 Nor can hu-man thought e'er num-ber All God's acts of ten-der care.
 For my bless-ings are as ma-ny, That from boundless mer-cy flow.
 Yet no child of God can ev-er Count His bless-ings, one and all.



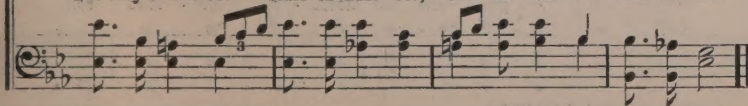
CHORUS.



Count my bless-ings? No, I can-not, 'Tis a task too great for me;



For they're like the stars in num-ber, Or the sand be-side the sea.

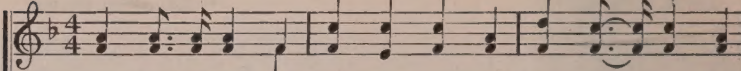


A Glorious Hope!

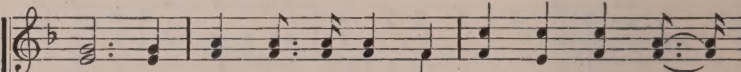
A. H. Sembower, D. D.

Heb. 6: 19.

J. Wesley Hughes.

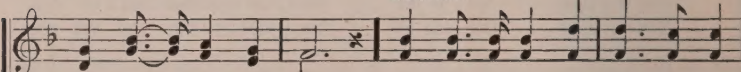


1. I have a hope— a glo - rious hope— An an - chor it proves to
 2. I have a hope— a glo - rious hope— It cheers me day by
 3. I have a hope— a glo - rious hope— 'Tis fixed in the word of
 4. I have a hope— a glo - rious hope— So stead - fast it ne'er can

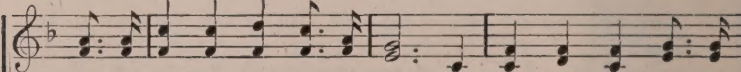


be:— Yes hope in the blood so free - ly shed On the
 day; And sends forth a gleam of gold - en light All a -
 God; A hope that is giv'n to ev - 'ry one Who the
 fail! 'Tis found - ed up - on e - ter - nal truth And it

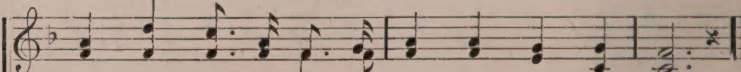
CHORUS.



cross of Cal - va - ryl
 long my pil - grim way.
 heav'n - ly path - way trod. } I have a hope, a glo - rious hope,
 reach - es with - in the veil.



'Tis an an - chor sure to my soul! It holds me fast to the



"Rock of A - ges" While the storm - y bil - lows roll.

7. Lead Me to the Rock.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."—Psalms 61: 2.

J. Burtis White.

Adam Geibel.

1. In days of youth so bright and fair, Ere time hath left its
 2. When earth - ly pleas - ures charm me not, And grief and sor - row
 3. And when at last life's work is o'er, And I draw near the

trace of care, Or sin its dead - ly work hath wrought, Then
 are my lot, May faith and hope the gloom dis - pel And
 gold - en shore, Then, as thro' life, my prayer shall be, O

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me,
 lead me to the Rock. Lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, Sav - iour,


cry,..... Lead me,
 This shall be my con - stant cry, Lead me to the Rock, O

lead me,
 lead me to the Rock, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

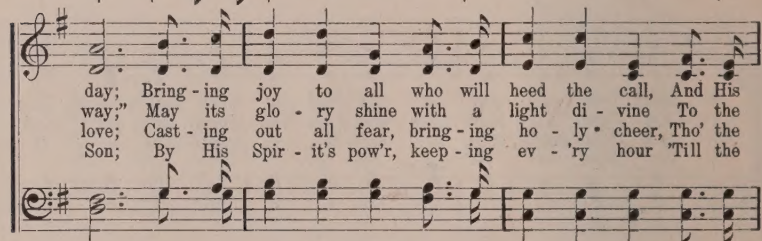
8. The Kingdom of God is Within You.

J. W. H.

J. Wesley Hughes.

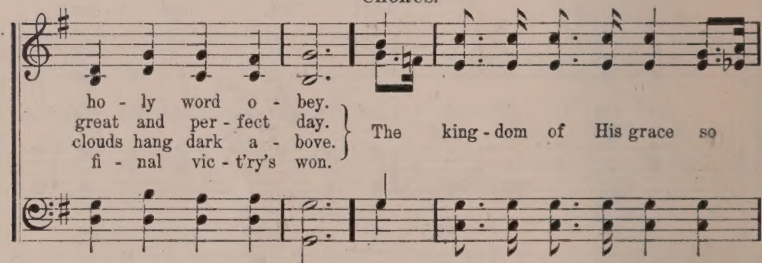


1. The king-dom of God is with-in you, Ev-en in your heart to -
 2. The king-dom of God is with-in you, Lead-ing up the "King's High-
 3. The king-dom of God is with-in you, Seal of His un-chang-ing
 4. The king-dom of God is with-in you Thro' the grace of His dear

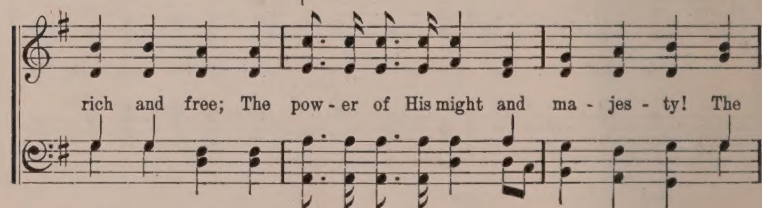


day; Bring-ing joy to all who will heed the call, And His
 way;" May its glo-ry shine with a light di-vine To the
 love; Cast-ing out all fear, bring-ing ho-ly cheer, Tho' the
 Son; By His Spir-it's pow'r, keep-ing ev-'ry hour 'Till the

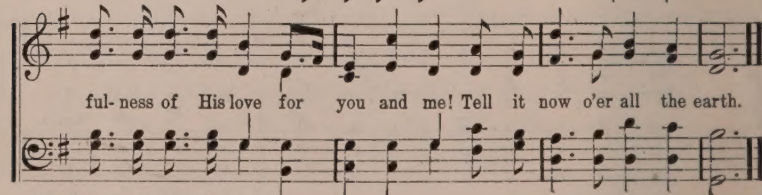
CHORUS.



ho-ly word o-bey.
 great and per-fect day. } The king-dom of His grace so
 clouds hang dark a-bove. }
 fi-nal vic-t'ry's won.



rich and free; The pow-er of His might and ma-jes-ty! The

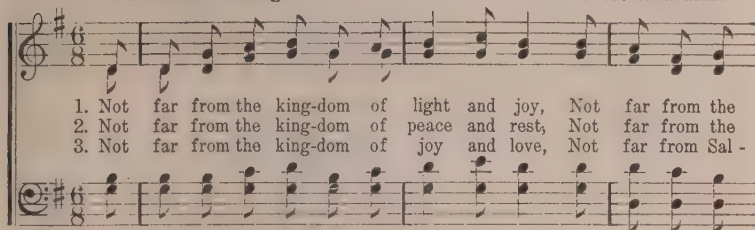


ful-ness of His love for you and me! Tell it now o'er all the earth.

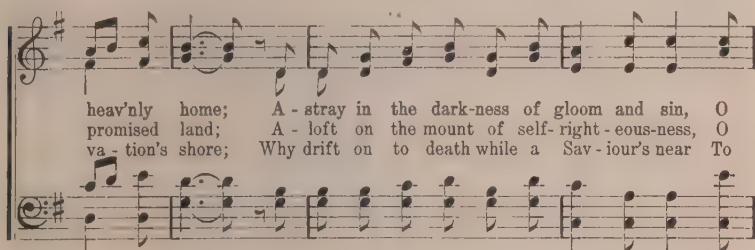
9. Not Far From the Kingdom.

Minnie A. Greiner Edington.

Florence W. Williams.

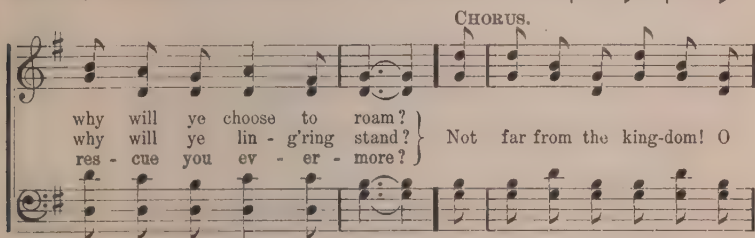


1. Not far from the king-dom of light and joy, Not far from the
 2. Not far from the king-dom of peace and rest, Not far from the
 3. Not far from the king-dom of joy and love, Not far from Sal -

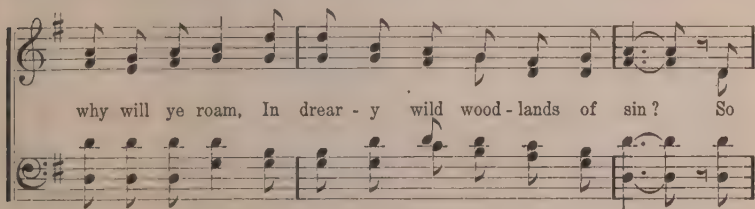


heav'nly home; A - stray in the dark-ness of gloom and sin, O
 promised land; A - loft on the mount of self-right-eous-ness, O
 va - tion's shore; Why drift on to death while a Sav - iour's near To

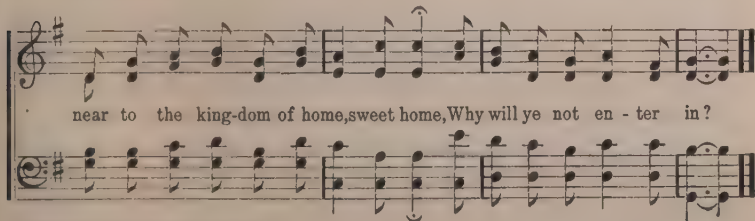
CHORUS.



why will ye choose to roam? } Not far from the king-dom! O
 why will ye lin - g'ring stand? }
 res - cue you ev - er - more? }



why will ye roam, In drear - y wild wood - lands of sin? So



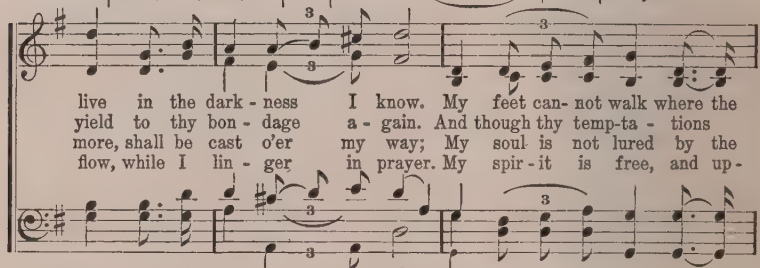
near to the king-dom of home, sweet home, Why will ye not en - ter in?

10. Stand Out of My Sunlight.

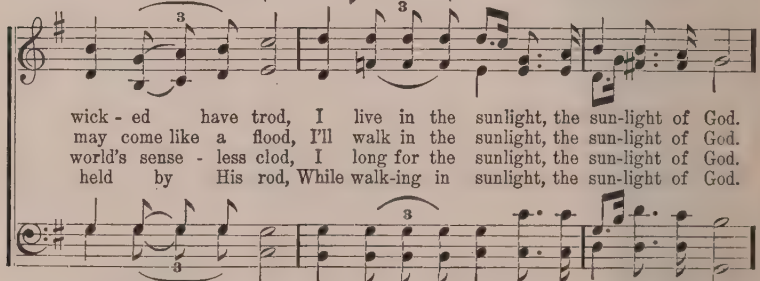
Diogenes once replied to a king who asked what he could do for him; "You can stand out of my sunlight." H. J. Zelle, D. D. J. Wesley Hughes.



1. Stand out of my sun - light: I love its bright glow, My soul can - not
 2. Stand out of my sun - light, thou temp - ter of men, My soul will not
 3. Stand out of my sun - light, earth's pleasures so gay; Thy shadows, no
 4. Stand out of my sun - light; life's bil - lows of care Shall nev - er o'er -

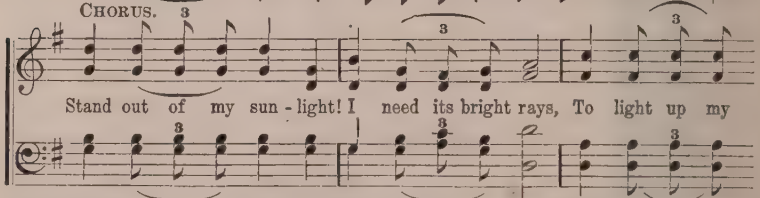


live in the dark - ness I know. My feet can - not walk where the
 yield to thy bon - dage a - gain. And though thy temp - ta - tions
 more, shall be cast o'er my way; My soul is not lured by the
 flow, while I lin - ger in prayer. My spir - it is free, and up -

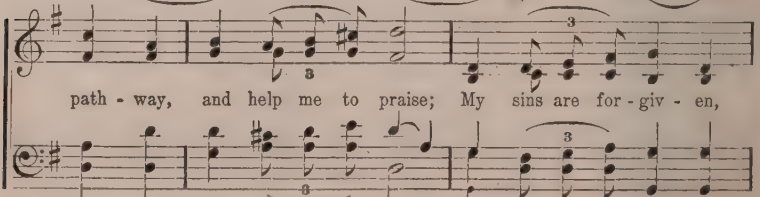


wick - ed have trod, I live in the sunlight, the sun - light of God.
 may come like a flood, I'll walk in the sunlight, the sun - light of God.
 world's sense - less clod, I long for the sunlight, the sun - light of God.
 held by His rod, While walk - ing in sunlight, the sun - light of God.

CHORUS.



Stand out of my sun - light! I need its bright rays, To light up my



path - way, and help me to praise; My sins are for - giv - en,

Stand Out of My Sunlight.—Concluded.

All wash'd in the blood; I'm walking in sun-light, the sun-light of God.

11. Where Jesus is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. M. Butler.

J. M. Black.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
 2. Once heav- en-seemed a far-off place, Till Je- sus showed a smil- ing face;
 3. What mat- ters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?

And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je- sus here to know.
 Now it's be- gun with- in my soul, 'Twill last while end- less a- ges roll.
 In cot- tage or a man- sion fair, Where Je- sus is, 'tis heav- en there.

CHORUS.

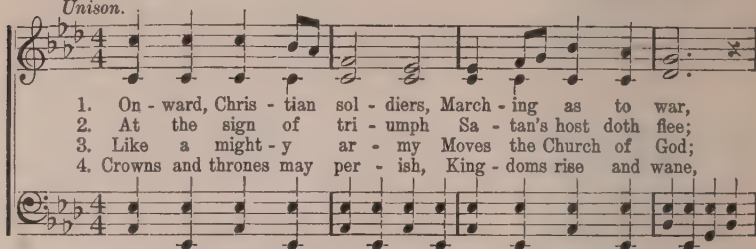
O hal- le- lu- jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;

On land or sea, what matters where, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav- en there.

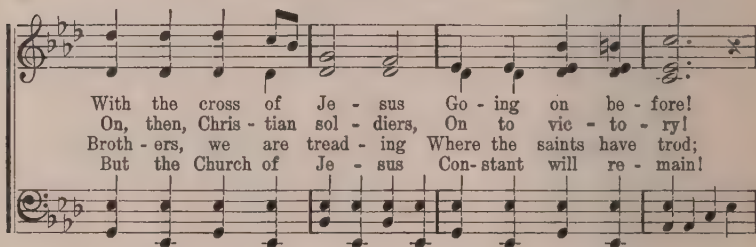
Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. Baring Gould.

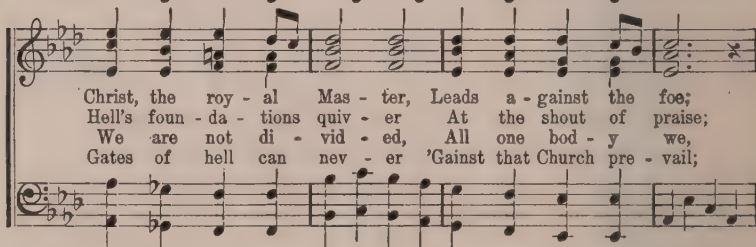
Adam Geibel.

Unison.


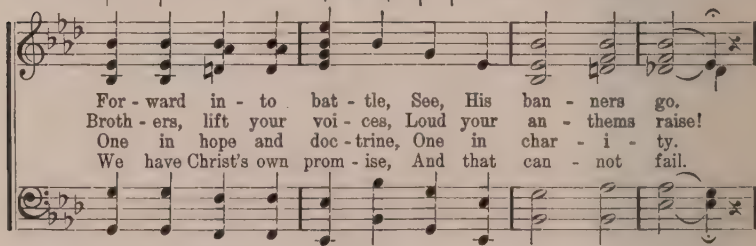
1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee;
 3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God;
 4. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King - doms rise and wane,



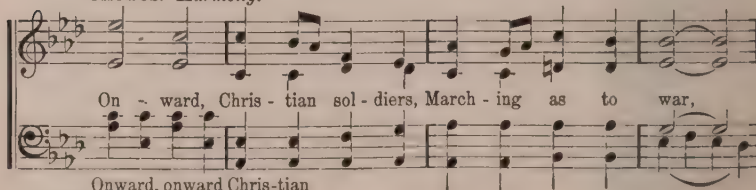
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!
 On, then, Chris - tian sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry!
 Broth - ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
 But the Church of Je - sus Con - stant will re - main!



Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail;



For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
 Broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise!
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty,
 We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*


On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,

Onward, onward Chris-tian

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Onward, Christian Soldiers.—Concluded.

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

13. Shine In, Thou Light Divine.

Rev. H. J. Zelle.
With spirit.

J. Wesley Hughes.

1. Shine in, shine in, Thou light di - vine, Il - lume my soul to - day;
2. Shine in, shine in, with beams of love, Thou light of Life di - vine;
3. Shine in, shine in, 'till all with - in Is kin - dled by Thy rays;
4. Shine in, shine in, 'till I shall be Trans - fig - ured by Thy pow'r;

O fill with joy this heart of mine, And drive the clouds a - way.
Shine with a ra - diance from a - bove, And make me whol - ly Thine.
Till I am purg'd from ev - 'ry sin, And all my soul is praise.
And then re - flect the light from Thee, A - round me ev - 'ry hour.

CHORUS.

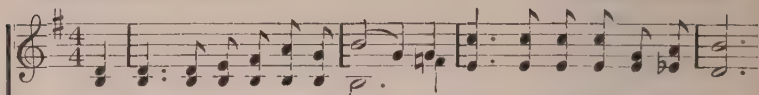
Shine in, (shine in,) shine in, (shine in,) O light di - vine, I pray,

Come, fill with joy this heart of mine, Shine in, O shine to - day.

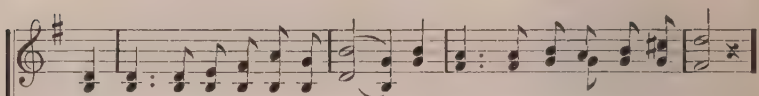
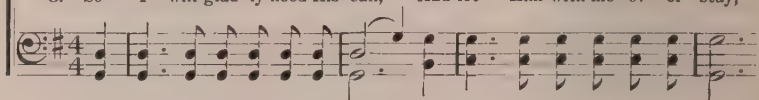
'Tis Him Alone, I Need.

Mrs. R. Frank Lehman.

R. Frank Lehman.



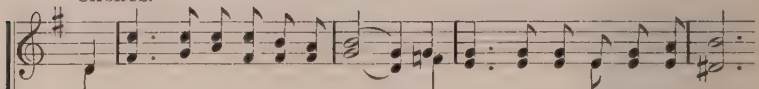
1. Some-times the shadows o'er me fall, I grope in vain a light to see,
 2. The voice still pleads in accents low, But still I lin-ger—O so weak—
 3. So I will glad-ly heed His call, And let Him with me ev-er stay,



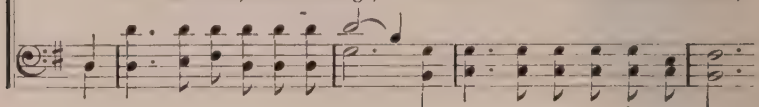
When in my heart a voice doth say— O trou-bled one, come un-to Me.
 Can I re-sist that voice so sweet? No, no, 'tis peace and rest I seek.
 For He a-lone can give me Life, And Light a-long my heav'nly way.



CHORUS.



I hear His voice, and to Him go, And find in Him a Friend in-deed,



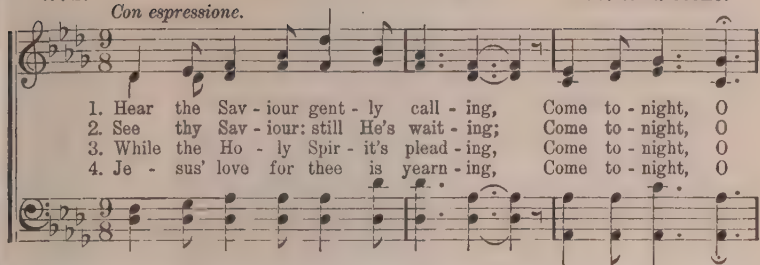
Could I re-fuse His ten-der plea, No, no, 'Tis Him a-lone I need.



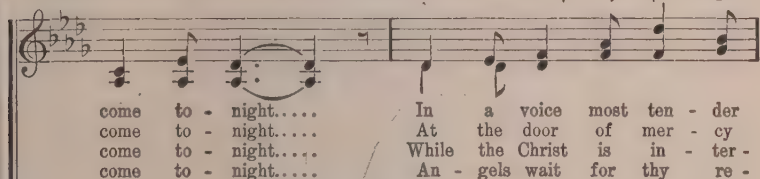
Come To-night.

W. S.

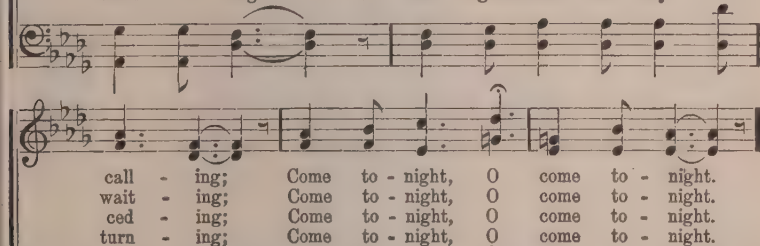
Rev. Wm. Stone.

Con espressione.


1. Hear the Sav - iour gent - ly call - ing, Come to - night, O
 2. See thy Sav - iour: still He's wait - ing; Come to - night, O
 3. While the Ho - ly Spir - it's plead - ing, Come to - night, O
 4. Je - sus' love for thee is yearn - ing, Come to - night, O



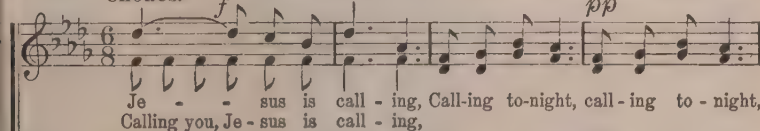
come to - night.... In a voice most ten - der
 come to - night.... At the door of mer - cy
 come to - night.... While the Christ is in - ter -
 come to - night.... An - gels wait for thy re -



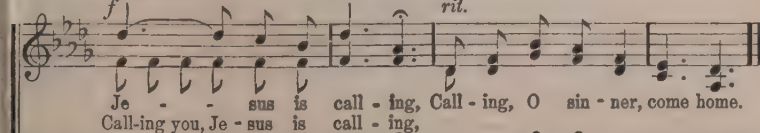
call - ing; Come to - night, O come to - night.
 wait - ing; Come to - night, O come to - night.
 ced - ing; Come to - night, O come to - night.
 turn - ing; Come to - night, O come to - night.



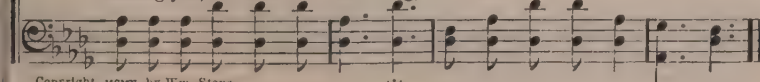
CHORUS.



Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing to - night, call - ing to - night,
 Calling you, Je - sus is call - ing,

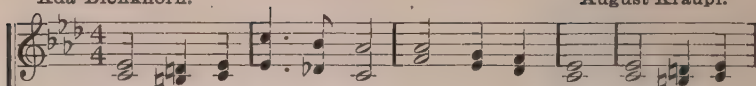
Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home.
 Calling you, Je - sus is call - ing,



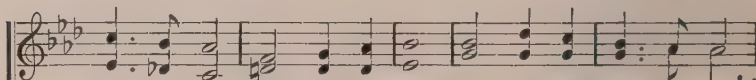
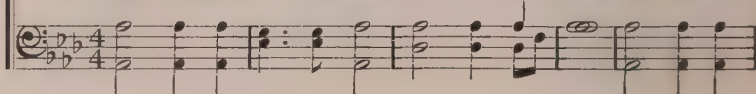
Loyal to Thee.

Ada Blenkhorn.

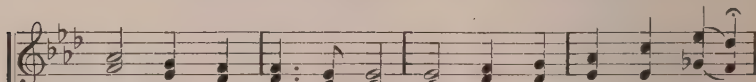
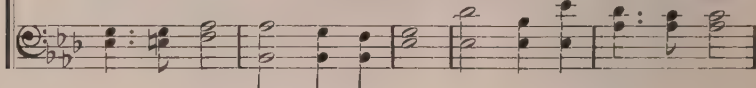
August Kraupf.



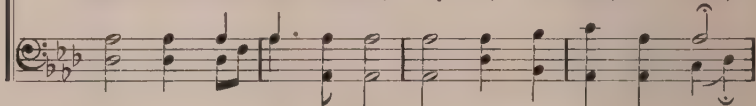
1. Hear - ing Thy gen - tle voice Bid - ding me come, Led by Thy
 2. When foes are press - ing hard On ev - 'ry side, Ev - en the
 3. While Thou shalt give me breath My voice I'll raise To wor - ship



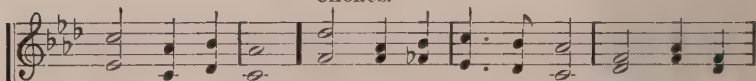
lov - ing hand Still near - er home, Kept by Thy grace so free,
 deep - est sea Thou wilt di - vide. I shall pass o - ver free,
 and a - dore Thy won - drous ways. Trust - ing a - lone in Thee,



Thus will I ev - er be Loy - al, dear Lord, to Thee,
 Shout - ing the vic - to - ry, Loy - al, dear Lord, to Thee,
 What - e'er Thou send - est me, Loy - al, dear Lord, to Thee,



CHORUS.



Loy - al to Thee. Thou who dost care for me, Give me more



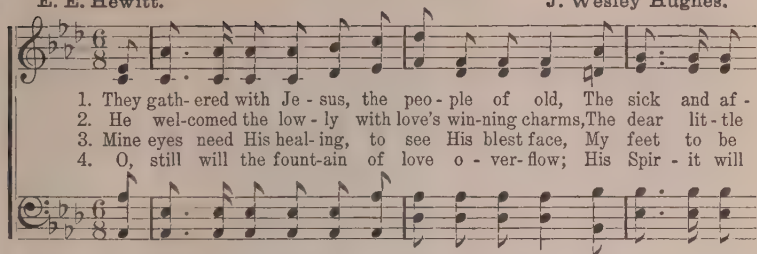
love for Thee, So shall I ev - er be Loy - al to Thee.



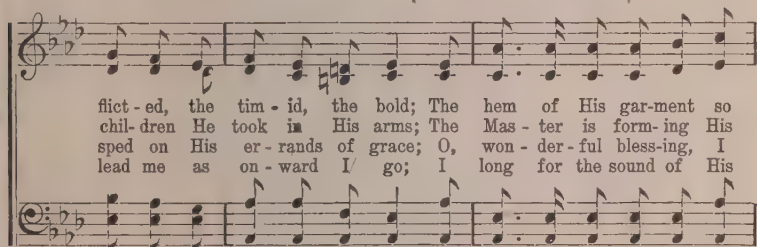
A Closer Touch.

E. E. Hewitt.

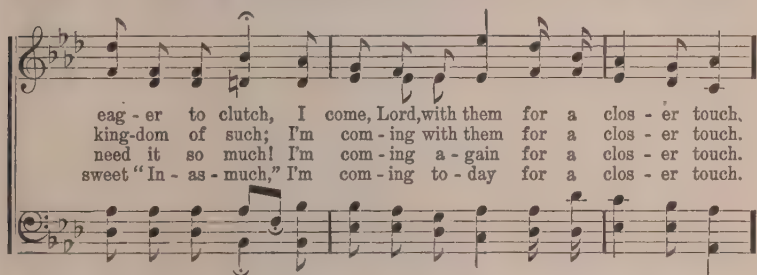
J. Wesley Hughes.



1. They gath-ered with Je - sus, the peo - ple of old, The sick and af -
 2. He wel - come'd the low - ly with love's win - ning charms, The dear lit - tle
 3. Mine eyes need His heal - ing, to see His blest face, My feet to be
 4. O, still will the fount - ain of love o - ver - flow; His Spir - it will

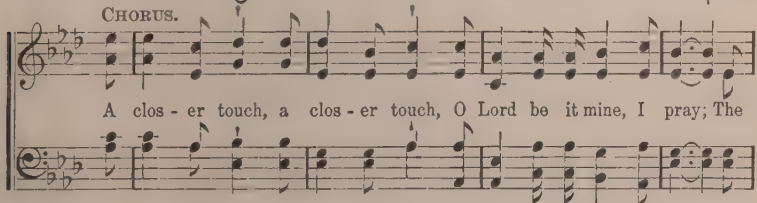


flict - ed, the tim - id, the bold; The hem of His gar - ment so
 chil - dren He took in His arms; The Mas - ter is form - ing His
 sped on His er - rands of grace; O, won - der - ful bless - ing, I
 lead me as on - ward I go; I long for the sound of His

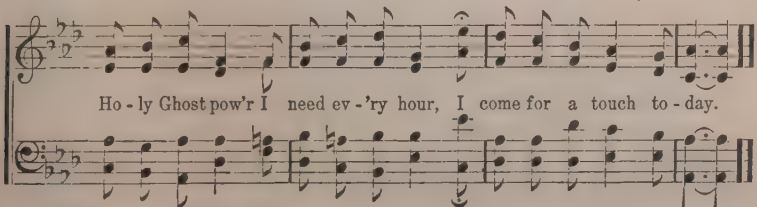


eag - er to clutch, I come, Lord, with them for a clos - er touch,
 king - dom of such; I'm com - ing with them for a clos - er touch.
 need it so much! I'm com - ing a - gain for a clos - er touch.
 sweet "In - as - much," I'm com - ing to - day for a clos - er touch.

CHORUS.



A clos - er touch, a clos - er touch, O Lord be it mine, I pray; The



Ho - ly Ghost pow'r I need ev - 'ry hour, I come for a touch to - day.

Never Alone.

Annie Lewis Pinfold.
SOLO OR DUET.

Adam Geibel.

1. Never alone do we journey be-low, Tho' dark clouds lower and wild tempests blow;
 2. Never alone, tho' the path's rough and steep, He who is with us our footsteps will keep.
 3. Never alone, tho' oft-times we for-get When dangers threaten and hardships beset,
 4. Never alone, His strong arm will not fail E'en to uphold us thro' death's narrow vale,

Je-sus, our Saviour, leads on day by day, He will go with us each step of the way.
 Safe o'er life's troubles He lifts us al-way; He will go with us each step of the way.
 If from the pathway we heedlessly stray, Still He is with us each step of the way.
 To that fair land where for-ev-er 'tis day, He will go with us each step of the way.

CHORUS.

Nev - er a - lone— He's a friend and a guide, Nev - er a -

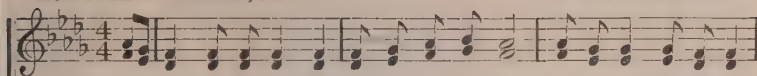
lone— ev - er close to our side. Nev - er a - lone— naught our

hearts should dis-may, For He will go with us each step of the way.

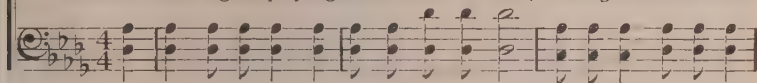
19. When the Watchin' Time is Past.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

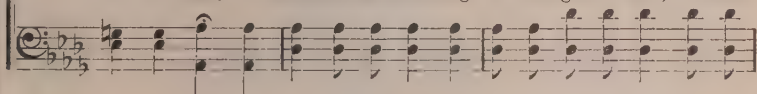
R. Frank Lehman.



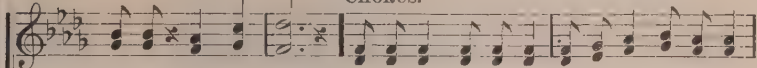
1. We're watch-ing and pray-ing all a - long life's way, Pray-ing on, watch-ing on
2. Tried oft - en and tempted by the un - seen foe, Yet to God's blessed rule
3. We're watch-ing and pray-ing while we lend a hand, Do-ing all for the Lord



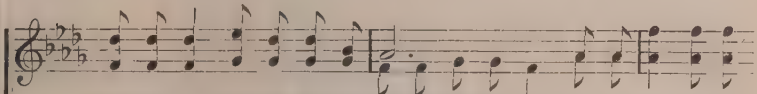
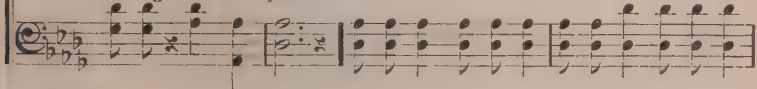
till the last; What tho' we are wea - ry, soon will come the day When the
we'll hold fast; If He find us watch-ing, to Him we may go When the
till the last; We watch for the morn-ing of that gold-en land, Then the



CHORUS.



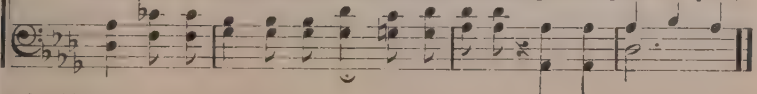
watch-ing time is past.	} Watching on, all the way, watching on, night and day,
watch-ing time is past.	
watch-ing will be past.	



Watch-ing on while this life shall last; (this life shall last;) But up yon - der we'll



rest on our dear Saviour's breast, When the watch-ing time is past. (is past.)



It is His Will.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. I ask not why..... some days are fair,..... Why some are
 2. By paths un-known..... to me He leads,..... Thro' des-ert
 3. It is His will,..... and I am blest,..... With Him, my
 1. I ask not why some days are fair,

filled.....with grief and care;..... I ask not why,..... but trusting
 wilds..... or flow'ry meads;.... Where'er I go,..... He leads me
 God,..... I leave the rest;..... By troubled seas,..... by waters
 Why some are filled with grief and care; I ask not why,

still,..... I on-ly know..... it is His will....
 but trusting still, I on-ly know, it is His will.

CHORUS.
 It is His will,..... and I am sat-is-fied! It is His
 It is His will, and I am ful-ly sat-is-fied!

will,..... nor want I aught beside. I ask not why,..... but trusting
 It is His will, nor want I aught on earth beside. I ask not why,

It is His Will.—Concluded.

still,..... I on - ly know it is His will.....
but trusting still, I on - ly know it is His will.

21. I Love the Blessed Mercy-Seat.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

J. Wesley Hughes. Arr.

SOLO OR QUARTETT. *Con espressione.*

1. There's a place where wea - ry mor - tals May find a rest com -
2. There I take to Christ my bur - dens, And cast them at His
3. Here my heart finds per - fect cleans-ing, Each part made pure and
4. When at last this life 'is /end - ed, And I my Lord shall

plete, Where the earth and heav - en min-gles, 'Tis at the mer - cy - seat.
feet, And my soul finds sweet re - fresh-ing Down at the mer - cy - seat.
sweet, Here I am bap - tized for du - ty, Down at the mer - cy - seat.
greet, I shall find the gates of heav - en Be - yond the mer - cy - seat.

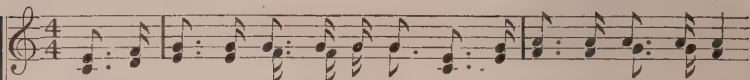
CHORUS. *cres.*

Yes, I love the mer - cy - seat; There's no oth - er safe re - treat; There by

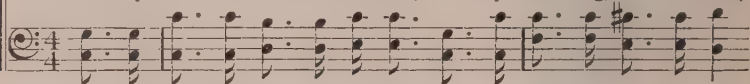
dim.
faith I meet my Sav - iour, At the bless - ed mer - cy - seat.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

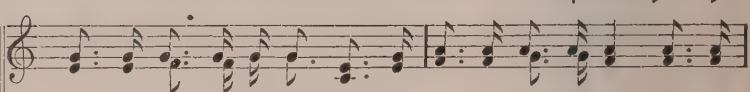
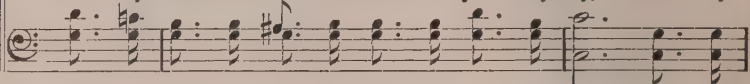
Adam Geibel.



1. While your face is t'ward that cit - y with its wealth of jas - per walls
2. Would you have your crown to spar - kle like the stars that shine at night?
3. Ev - 'ry crown of earth will per - ish, ev - 'ry gem re - turn to dust,
4. Ev - 'ry lit - tle act of kind - ness, ev - 'ry lov - ing, no - ble deed,



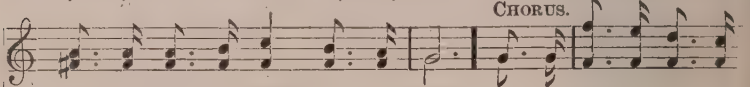
Where the pearl - y gates are o - pen wide to stay; Still re -
 Bright - er than our gold - en sun which shines to - day? Do not
 There is writ - ten o - ver all the word "de - cay." Not a
 Ev - 'ry word that for the Mas - ter you may say, Ev - 'ry



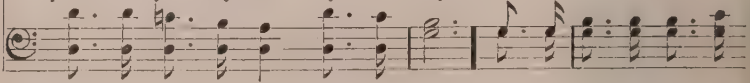
mem - ber there are dia - monds scat - tered all a - long life's road, There are
 wait to get to heav - en to se - lect your jew - els there, But keep
 thing, how - ev - er pre - cious, can you take to yon - der shore, But the
 soul that you may gar - ner for the har - vest of our God, Are the



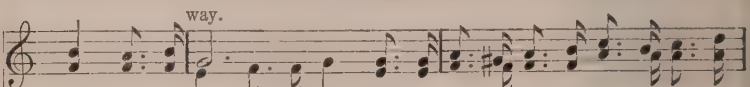
CHORUS.



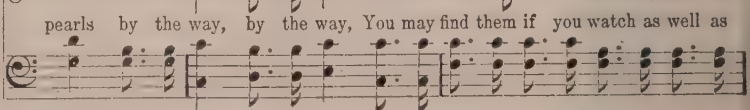
ma - ny, ma - ny pearls by the way.
 look - ing for life's pearls by the way. } There are ma - ny, ma - ny
 pearls that you may find by the way.
 pearls that you may find by the way.



way.

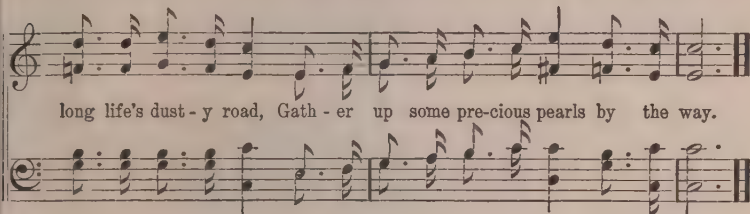
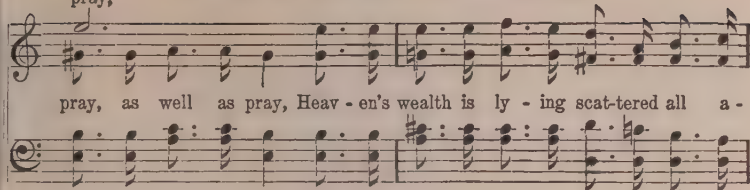


pearls by the way, by the way, You may find them if you watch as well as



Pearls by the Way.—Concluded.

pray,

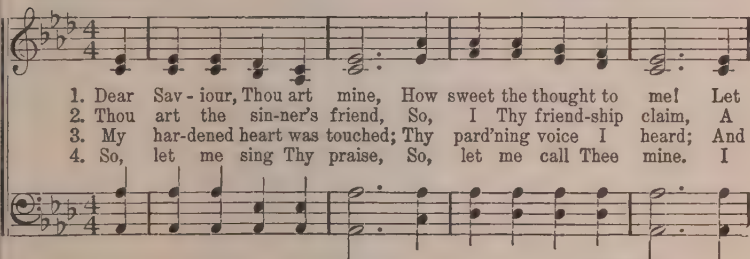


23.

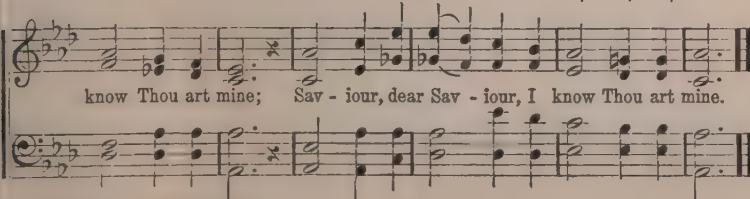
Mine.

Anna Hudson.

R. Frank Lehman.



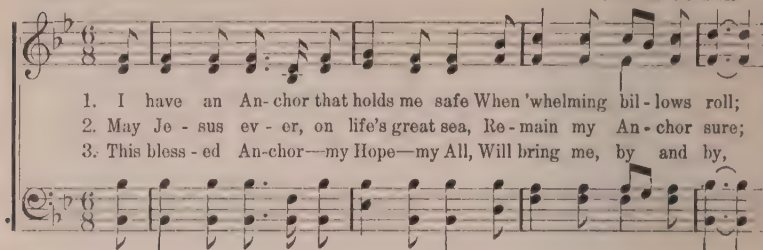
CHORUS.



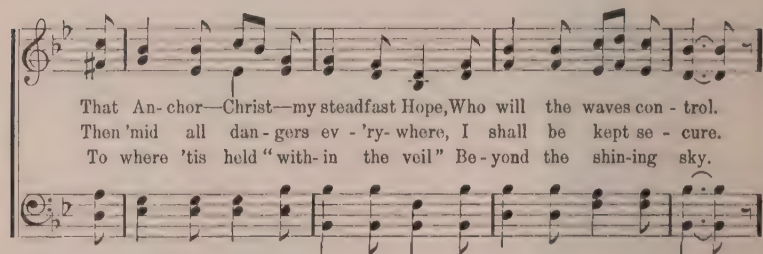
24. The Anchor That Ever Will Hold.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Adam Geibel.

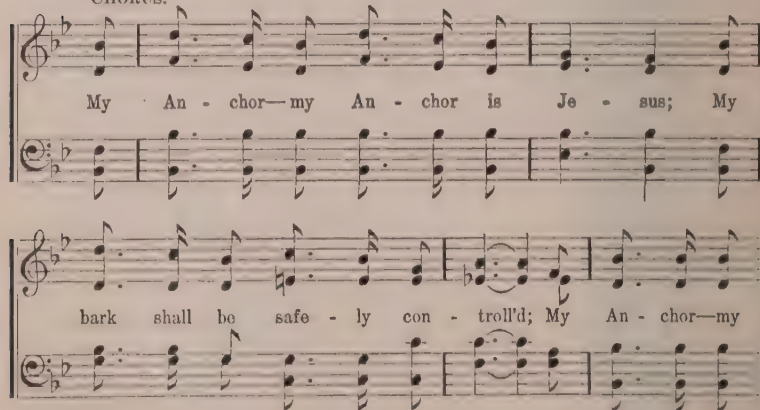


1. I have an An-chor that holds me safe When 'whelming bil-lows roll;
 2. May Je - sus ev - er, on life's great sea, Re-main my An-chor sure;
 3. This bless - ed An-chor—my Hope—my All, Will bring me, by and by,

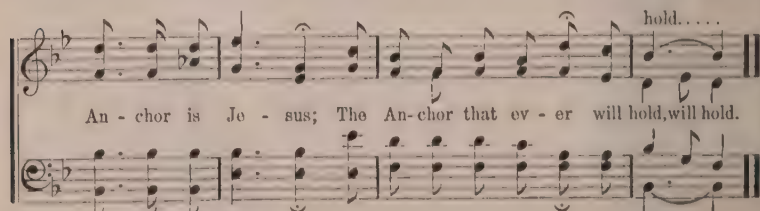


That An-chor—Christ—my steadfast Hope, Who will the waves con - trol.
 Then 'mid all dan-gers ev - 'ry-where, I shall be kept se - cure.
 To where 'tis held "with-in the veil" Be-yond the shin-ing sky.

CHORUS.



My An - chor—my An - chor is Je - sus; My
 bark shall be safe - ly con - troll'd; My An - chor—my

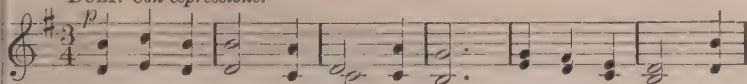


hold....
 An - chor is Je - sus; The An-chor that ev - er will hold, will hold.

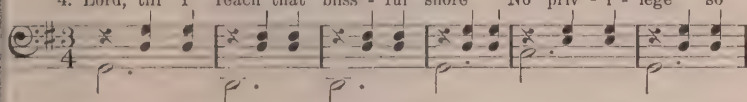
The Hour of Prayer.

Charlotte Elliott.

Rev. Wm. Stone.

DUET. *Con espressione.*

1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to
 2. Blest is the tran - quil hour of morn, And blest the sol - emn
 3. Hush'd is each doubt, and ev - 'ry fear; My spir - it seems in
 4. Lord, till I reach that bliss - ful shore No priv - i - lege so



eve - ning star, As that which calls me to Thy feet, The
 hour of eve, When, on the wings of pray'r up - borne, The
 heav'n to stay. And e'en the pen - i - ten - tial tear Is
 dear shall be. As thus my in - most soul to pour In



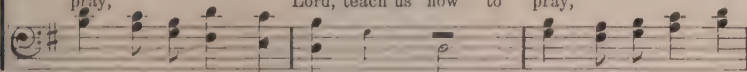
REFRAIN.



hour of pray'r, the hour of pray'r?
 world I leave, the world I leave. } Lord, teach us how to
 wip'd a - way, all wip'd a - way.
 pray'r to Thee, in pray'r to Thee.

*cres.*

pray, Lord, teach us how to pray,



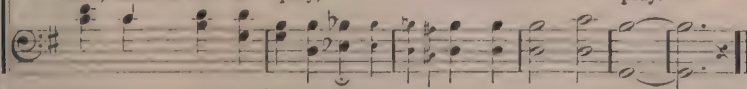
Lord, teach us how to pray,

Lord, teach us how to



Lord, teach us how to pray,

Teach us how to pray.



pray, O teach us how to pray.

Copyright, 1865, by Wm. Stone.

Jesus for Me!

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Walter G. Tyler.

1. Tho' might - i - est bil - lows should o - ver me roll, While
 2. The Christ is my Har - bor, my Ref - uge—my Tower; My
 3. He helps in temp - ta - tion—in bit - ter dis - tress; To

jour - ney-ing o - ver life's sea, One song in all tri - al will
 Shield and my Buck - ler is He; There's no one so pre - cious in
 Him in all troub - le I flee, Well know - ing His pit - y—His

CHORUS.
 com - fort my soul: 'Tis Je - sus for me!
 sor - row's dark hour, As Je - sus to me!
 great ten - der - ness; Oh, Je - sus for me! } Je - sus for me!

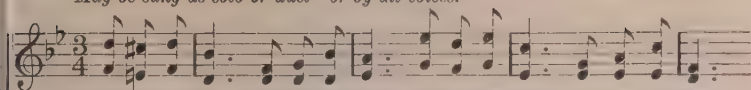
Je - sus for me! Liv - ing or dy - ing, with Him I shall be; Wher -

for me.....
 ev - er I dwell, His love I will tell— Je - sus for me! for me!

Turn Not Away.

A. G.

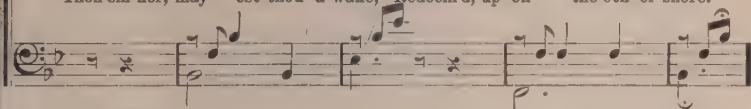
Adam Geibel.

May be sung as solo or duet—or by all voices.

1. O sin-ner, hear the Saviour's voice, It bids thee come to Him to-day;
 2. The Saviour died on Calv'ry's tree, To ran-som thee from death and sin;
 3. Life's silver cord one day will break, And all earth's tri-als will be o'er;

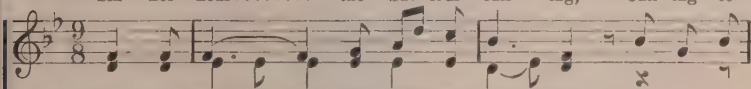


Make Him thy first and on-ly choice, And turn no more from Him a-way.
 O take sal-va-tion of-fer'd free, Give Him thy heart and en-ter in.
 Then sin-ner, may-est thou a-wake, Redeem'd, up-on the oth-er shore.

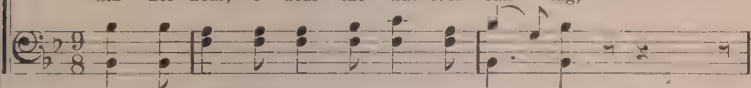


CHORUS

Sin-ner hear..... the Sav-iour call-ing, Call-ing to



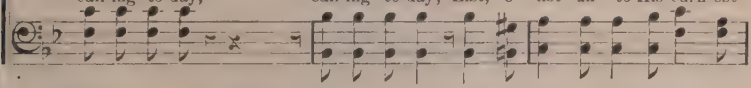
Sin-ner hear, O hear the Sav-iour call-ing,



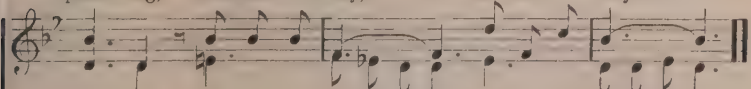
day,..... call-ing to-day;..... List un-to..... His earn-est



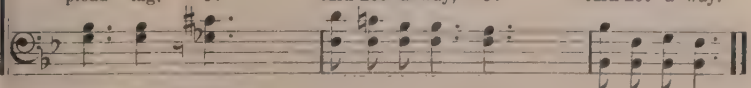
call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day; List, O list un-to His earn-est



plead-ing, Turn not a-way,..... turn not a-way,.....

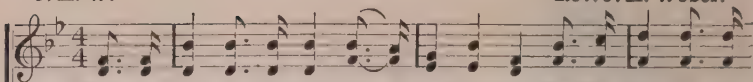


plead-ing, O! turn not a-way, O! turn not a-way.

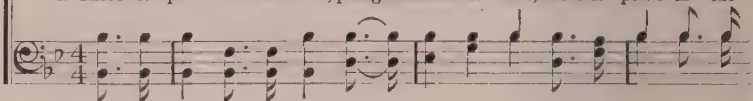


J. H. W.

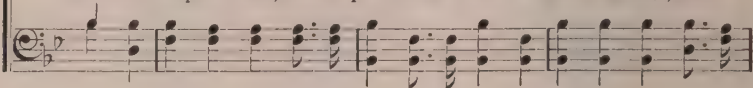
Rev. J. H. Weber.



1. There is pow'r in the blood, now, to wash your soul, There is pow'r in the
2. There is pow'r in the blood to make you white, There is pow'r in the
3. There is pow'r in the blood, it's a - ton - ing grace, There is pow'r in the
4. There is pow'r in the blood, plunge beneath its wave, There is pow'r in the



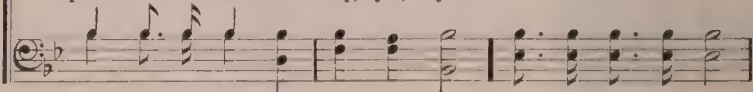
blood to keep you whole, There is pow'r in the blood to help you win, There is
 blood to keep you right, There is pow'r in the blood to lead you on, There is
 blood for all the race, There is pow'r in the blood, just look on high, There is
 blood to keep and save, There is pow'r in the blood be firm and true, There is



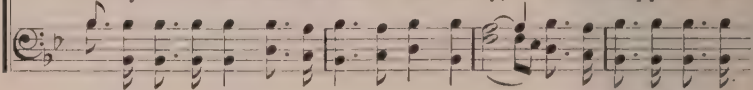
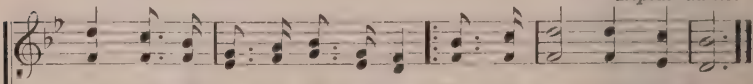
CHORUS.



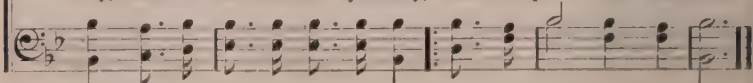
pow'r in the blood to save from sin.	} Glo - ry to the blood!
pow'r in the blood of God's dear Son.	
pow'r in the blood, 'tis draw - ing nigh.	
pow'r in the blood to help, yes, you.	



Glo - ry to the blood that was shed on Cal - va - ry; It will keep you in the

*Repeat ad lib.*

way, and will nev - er let you stray, There is pow'r in the blood.



I Do Not Ask Why.

Ida Scott Taylor.

J. Wesley Hughes.

May be sung as Solo, or Quartett and Chorus.

May be sung as Solo, or Quartet and Chorus.

1. Tho' shadows perplex me, and dark is my sky, Tho' tri-als may vex me, I
2. Tho' friends should deceive me, and fortune should fly, Tho' sorrows may grieve me, I
3. Tho' earth-ly am - bi - tion nor tal - ent have I, Nor honored pos - i - tion, I
4. I'm saved by His mer - it, none oth - er have I, His grace I in - her - it, I

do not ask why; Con-tent with the know-ing that Christ is my guide, His
do not ask why; For oh, in its sweet-ness one voice I can hear, In
do not ask why; I know that He choos-es my chang-es to bless, I
do not ask why; I know that He holds me as dear in His sight, And

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the staff, aligned with the notes: 'The' under G, 'Rose' under A, 'Tree' under B, and 'The' under A. The system ends with a double bar line.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

watch-ful-ness showing what-ever
 bless-ed com-plete-ness, my Saviour
 know that He us-es the good I
 now He en-folds me, and leads me

he-tide.
 is near.
 pos-sess.
 a-right.

Oh, Je-sus knows best, and the

Now the clouds are, and the seas are a sigh.

end He can see, He wise - ly has hid - den the fu - ture from me; The

The first system of the musical score for 'The Swan Song' is written on a single staff in treble clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a half rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The melody is characterized by a descending line. The system concludes with a double bar line. Above the staff, the markings 'dim.' and 'ad lib.' are present.

meaning of all things will come by and by, And tho' I may wonder, I do not ask why.

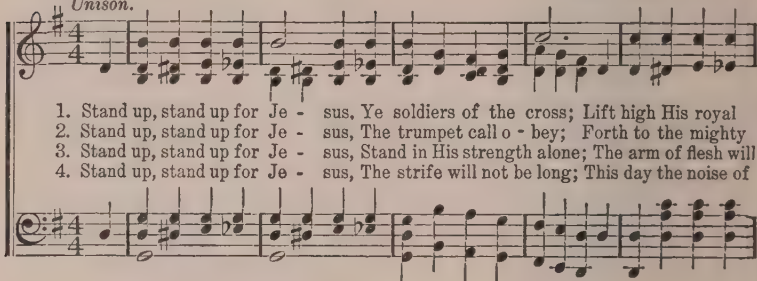
The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff and consists of eight measures. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), and D4 (half). The system ends with a double bar line.

30. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

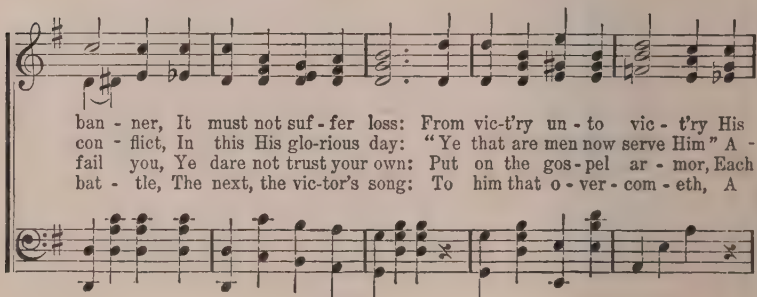
George Duffield.

Adam Geibel.

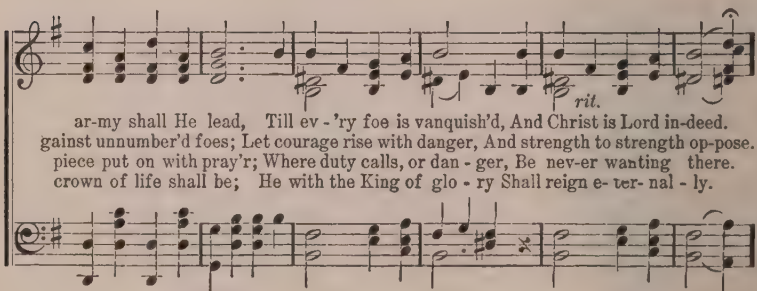
Unison.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His royal
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

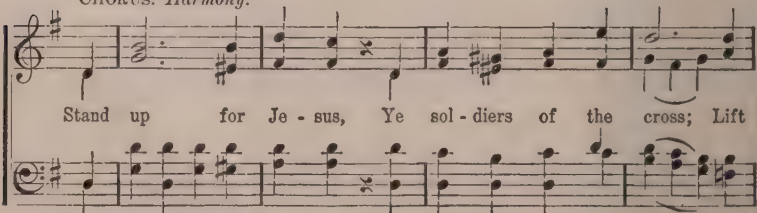


ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
 con - flict, In this His glo - rious day: "Ye that are men now serve Him" A -
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A



ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 gainst unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. Harmony.



Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.—Concluded.

high His roy - al ban - ner, it must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

11. The Heavenly Place.

R. F. L.

SOLO OR DUET.

R. Frank Lehman.

1. How oft there comes to me the thought That soon life's work will all be
2. The glo - ries of that bless - ed place In - spire me to pur - sue my
3. On earth, there's no a - bid - ing thing; But there, e - ter - nal praise will

wrought, And then, with Je - sus, I will be In that blest place prepar'd for me.
race; The lov'd ones wait - ing o - ver there But urge me on their joys to share.
ring. The wonders of His love and grace, Fore'er shall fill the heav'nly place.

CHORUS.


Tho' all un - wor - thy of His grace, He hath for me prepar'd a
Tho' all unworthy of His grace, His grace, He hath for me prepared a

place, He sav'd me, and He'll make me meet To enter Heav'n, and there my God to greet.
place, a place,

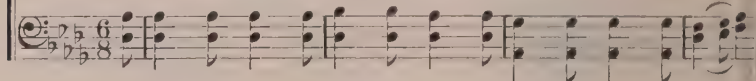

O Lord, Our Light.

Mrs. R. Frank Lehman.

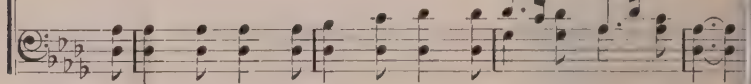
Florence W. Williams.



1. O Lord our Light, our Hope, our Way, Do Thou our path-way guide,
 2. O shine on us, as shad-ows fall, Thy love to know each day,
 3. We know we oft, so oft re-pine, When clouds pass o'er our way,
 4. O Lord our Life, our Hope, our Way, O guide us ev - er on,

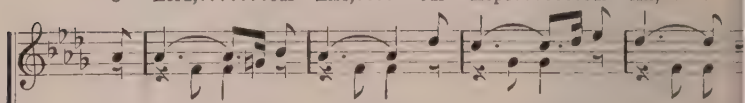



O lead us on, Thy care dis-play, Till we in Thee a-bide.
 Our hopes re-new, as cour-age fails, And doubts ob-scure our way.
 And yet—if we will let Thee guide, How per-fect is our day!
 'Till we at last in per-fect bliss, A crown of life have won.

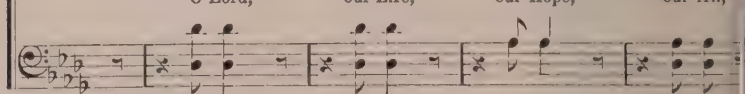


CHORUS.

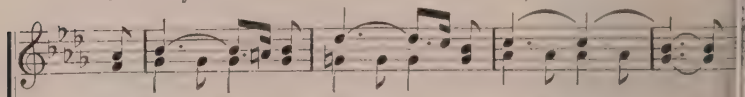
O Lord,.....our Life,.... our Hope.....our All,.....



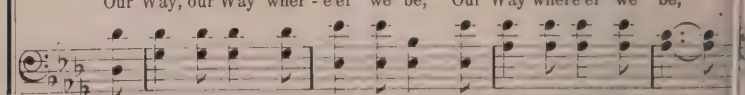
O Lord, our Life, our Hope, our All,



Our Way.....wher - e'er..... we be,.....

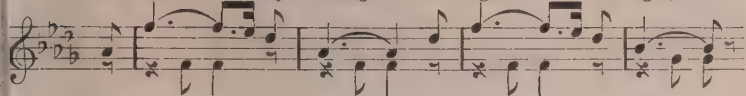


Our Way, our Way wher - e'er we be, Our Way wher'er we be,

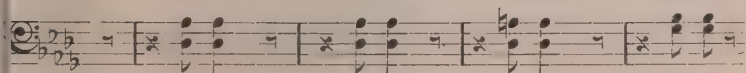


O Lord, Our Light.—Concluded.

Give us..... Thy strength to fight..... the fight,....



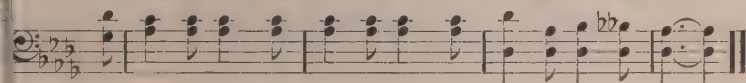
Give us Thy strength to fight the fight,



'Till we..... shall vic - tors be.....



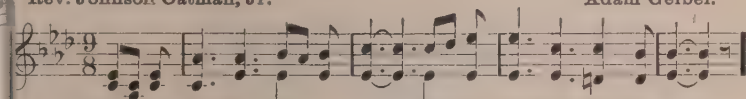
'Till we, 'till we shall vic - tors be, 'Till we shall vic - tors be.



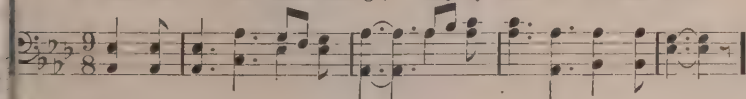
3. White as Snow.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Adam Geibel.

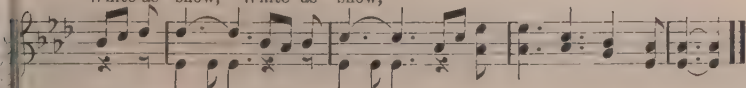


1. To my Sav-our Now I go, Crying, "Wash me White as snow."
2. Thou art a - ble This I know, Thou canst wash me White as snow.
3. Sav-our from me Do not go, Wash me, cleanse me White as snow.
4. Once Thy life blood Forth did flow, That I might be White as snow.
5. Keep me Sav-our Here be - low, Clad in garments White as snow.
6. Then when I from Earth shall go, May my soul be White as snow.



CHORUS.

White as snow, White as snow,



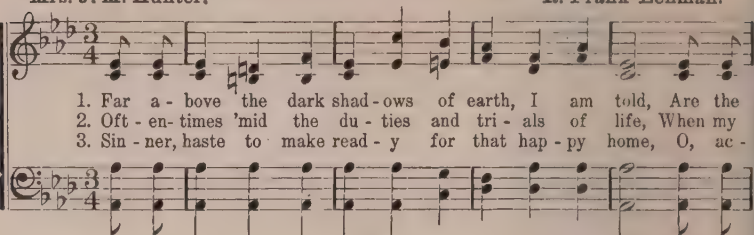
White as snow, White as snow, Sav-our wash me White as snow.



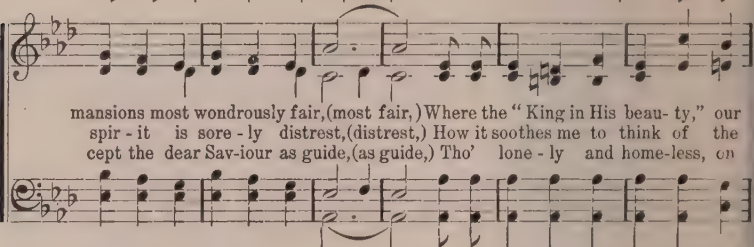
34. Far Above the Dark Shadows.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter.

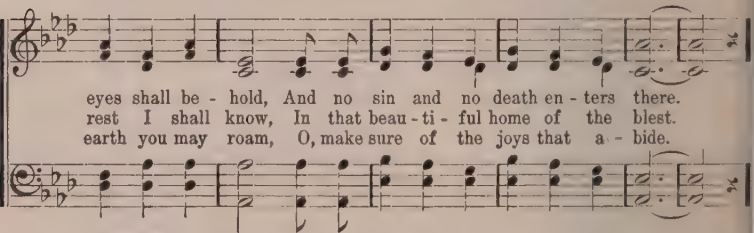
R. Frank Lehman.



1. Far a - bove the dark shad - ows of earth, I am told, Are the
2. Oft - en - times 'mid the du - ties and tri - als of life, When my
3. Sin - ner, haste to make read - y for that hap - py home, O, ac -

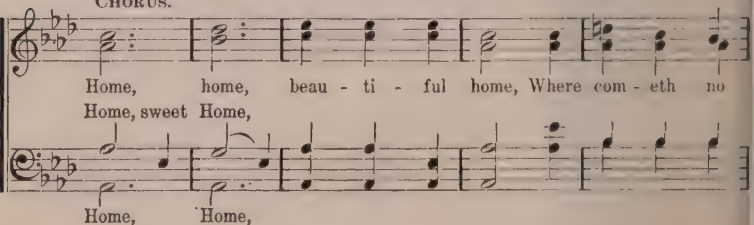


mansions most wondrously fair, (most fair,) Where the "King in His beau - ty," our
spir - it is sore - ly distrest, (distrest,) How it soothes me to think of the
cept the dear Sav - iour as guide, (as guide,) Tho' lone - ly and home - less, on

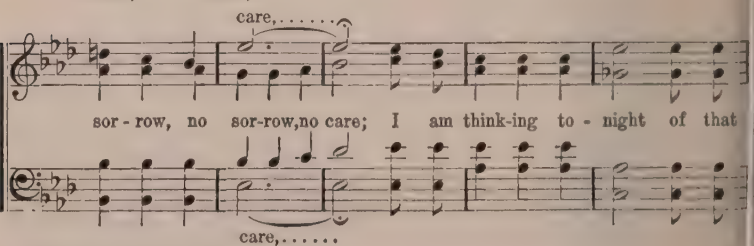


eyes shall be - hold, And no sin and no death en - ters there.
rest I shall know, In that beau - ti - ful home of the blest.
earth you may roam, O, make sure of the joys that a - bide.

CHORUS.



Home, home, beau - ti - ful home, Where com - eth no
Home, sweet Home,
Home, Home,



care,.....
sor - row, no sor - row, no care; I am think - ing to - night of that
care,.....

Far Above the Dark Shadows.—Concluded.

ritard.

beau - ti - ful home, Which my Sav - iour has gone to pre - pare. . . .

35. Sheltered in the Lord.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Adam Geibel.

1. There are lights hung out from the walls of heav'n To cheer us on our way,
2. There's a might-y rock in this wea-ry land, Be-neath its shade we rest
3. There's an o - pen door we may en - ter in, And find from sin re - lease,

There's a har - bor safe for the tem - pest toss'd, In realms of end - less day.
From the burn - ing heat of the noon - day sun, When troubled and op - press'd.
'Tis the grace of God, hear His bless - ed "come and I will give you peace."

CHORUS. rest, sweet rest,

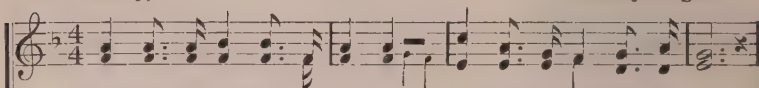
O there's rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest, When shel - tered in the Lord;

We are safe for time and e - ter - ni - ty, If we lean up - on His word.

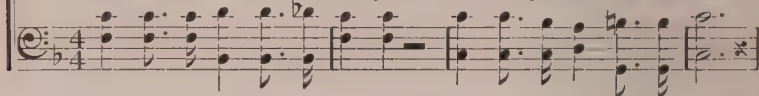
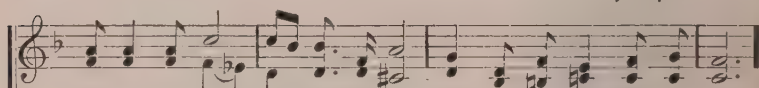
Going Down to Judgment.

H. J. Zelle, D. D.

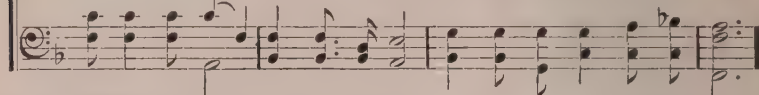
J. Wesley Hughes.




1. Al-most you've set-tled the ques-tion, Sol - emn - ly count-ing the cost;
 2. Just on the threshold you're standing, Why do you still turn a - way;
 3. Soon you must make your de - cis - ion, Come, and no long - er re - fuse;
 4. Je - sus has died to re - deem you, Of - fers you life thro' His blood;

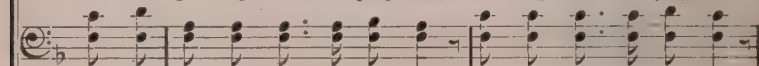
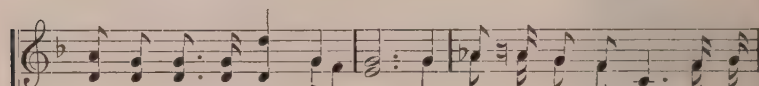
Lis - ten to - day, turn while you may, Al - most may mean ful - ly lost.
 Life is so dear, death is so near, Come to the Sav - iour to - day.
 Now while you may, choose life to - day, Do not God's mer - cy a - buse.
 You must re - pent, or soon la - ment, Ban - ished for - ev - er from God.



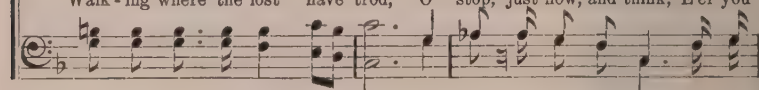
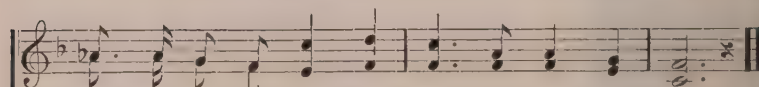
CHORUS.



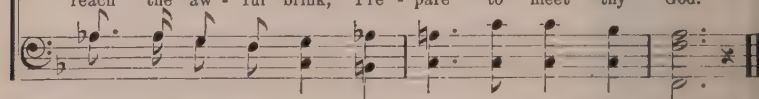
You are go - ing down to judg - ment, Go - ing down to judg - ment,

Walk - ing where the lost have trod, O stop, just now, and think, E'er you

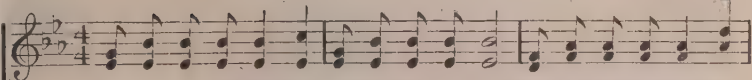



reach the aw - ful brink, Pre - pare to meet thy God.

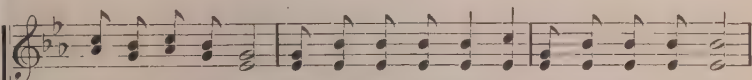


W. S.

Rev. Wm. Stone.



1. Ear - ly in the morn - ing, at the break of day, With our Father's blessing,
2. In our Father's good - ness, all a - long life's way, Ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing,
3. Health and strength He giveth, harvest with the rain, Grace for ev - 'ry tri - al,
4. Un - to Him we're sing - ing songs of lasting praise, For the Father's blessing,



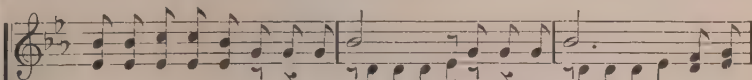
start we on our way; Tho' the clouds o'er-shad - ow, we shall not de - spair,
com - ing day by day; Giv - ing is His pleas - ure, all with us to share;
sor - row, joy or pain; Per - se - cu - tion bless - ing, ev - er thine to share;
fill - ing all our ways; Noth - ing He with - hold - eth, doth His Word de - clare;



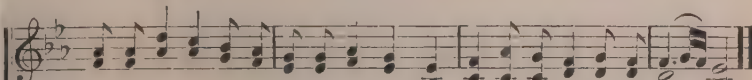
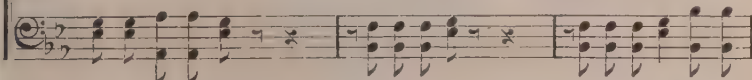
CHORUS.



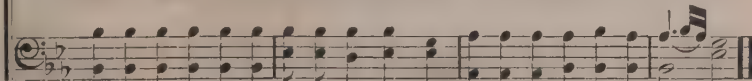
We're a - bid - ing in the prom - ise of God's care. "Ev - 'ry good gift and



ev - 'ry perfect gift Is from a - bove, and cometh down From the
Is from above, and cometh down



Father of lights, from the Father of lights, With whom is no shadow of turn - ing."

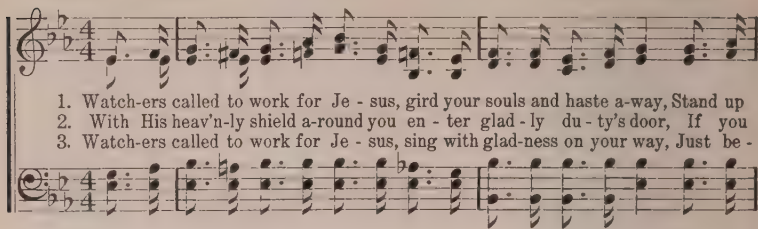


38. Watchers Called to Work for Jesus.

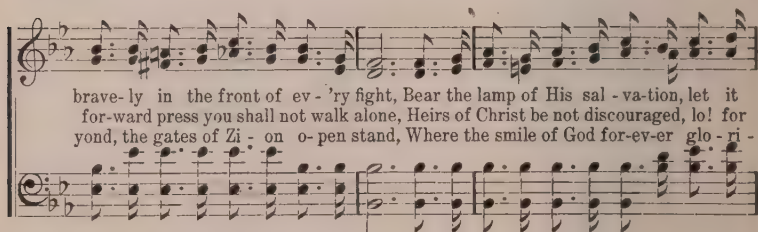
Lizzie DeArmond.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith,
quit you like men, be strong."

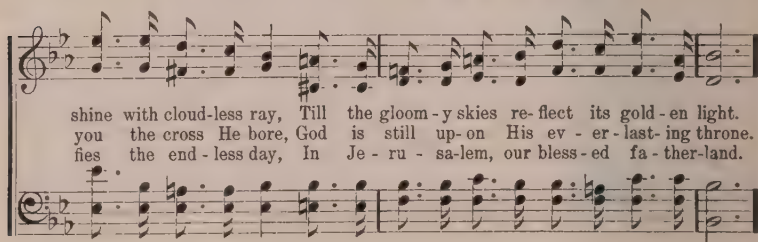
Powell G. Fithian.



1. Watch-ers called to work for Je - sus, gird your souls and haste a-way, Stand up
2. With His heav'n-ly shield a-round you en - ter glad-ly du - ty's door, If you
3. Watch-ers called to work for Je - sus, sing with glad-ness on your way, Just be -



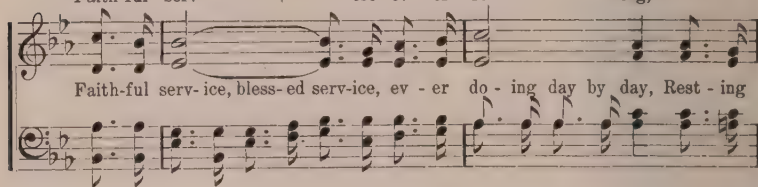
brave-ly in the front of ev - 'ry fight, Bear the lamp of His sal - vation, let it
for-ward press you shall not walk alone, Heirs of Christ be not discouraged, lo! for
yond, the gates of Zi - on o - pen stand, Where the smile of God for-ev-er glo - ri -



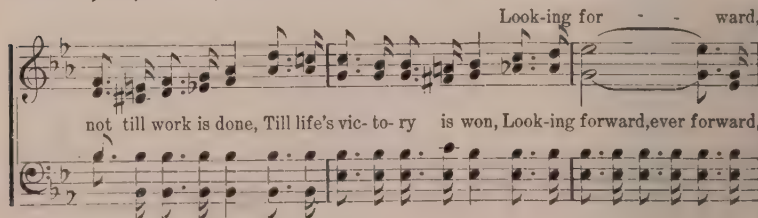
shine with cloud-less ray, Till the gloom-y skies re-lect its gold-en light.
you the cross He bore, God is still up-on His ev - er-last-ing throne.
fies the end - less day, In Je - ru - sa-lem, our bless-ed fa - ther-land.

CHORUS.

Faith-ful serv - ice ev - er do - ing,



Faith-ful serv-ice, bless-ed serv-ice, ev - er do - ing day by day, Rest - ing



Look-ing for - ward,
not till work is done, Till life's vic-to-ry is won, Look-ing forward, ever forward,

Watchers Called to Work for Jesus.—Concluded.

still pur-su - ing,

come.....

still pur-suing, Shout for joy! His mighty kingdom soon shall come, soon shall come.

come.....

9. Come, O My God.

Charles Wesley.

Rev. Wm. Stone.

Not too fast.

1. Come, O my God, the prom-ise seal, This moun-tain, sin, re-move;
2. I want Thy life, Thy pur-i-ty, Thy right-eous-ness, brought in;
3. Sav-iour, to Thee my soul looks up, My pres-ent Sav-iour Thou!
4. 'Tis done! Thou dost this mo-ment save, With full sal-va-tion bless;

FINE.

Now in my wait-ing soul re-veal The vir-tue of Thy love.
I ask, de-sire, and trust in Thee To be re-deem'd from sin.
In all the con-fi-dence of hope, I claim the bless-ing now.
Re-demp-tion thro' Thy blood I have, And spot-less love and peace.

D.S.—Burn out the dross of base de-sire, Fill me with per-fect love.
D.S.—Re-demp-tion thro' Thy blood I have, And spot-less love and peace.

CHORUS.

D. S.

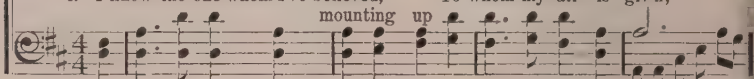
Send sanc-ti-fy-ing pow-er, Lord, Come quick-ly from a-bove;
Last V. O hal-le-lu-jah! praise His name, He doth my soul re-lease;

Rev. H. J. Zellej,
Joyfully.

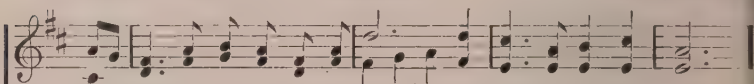
J. Wesley Hughes.



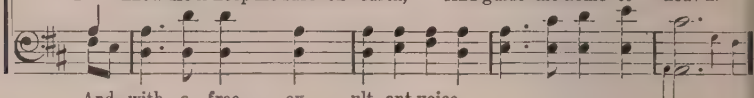
- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1. My soul to-day is mounting up | As if on ea- gle's wings, |
| 2. I know His wondrous pow'r to save, | His grace so full and free; |
| 3. As o - cean bil-lows rise and fall, | And sweep from pole to pole, |
| 4. I know the one whom I've believed, | To whom my all is giv'n; |



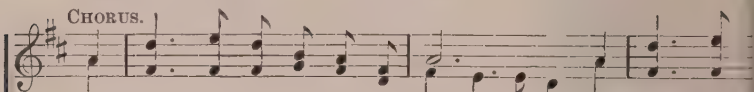
1. My soul to-day is mounting up on eagle's wings;



And with a free, ex - ult - ant voice	This song it glad - ly sings:
His pres - ence fills my soul to - day	With joy - ous lib - er - ty!
So waves of glo - ry, strong and high,	Are sweep - ing o'er my soul.
I know He'll keep me safe on earth,	And guide me home to heav'n.



And with a free, ex - ult - ant voice

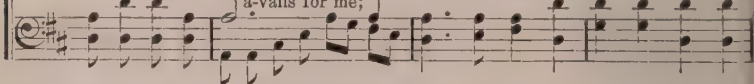


CHORUS.

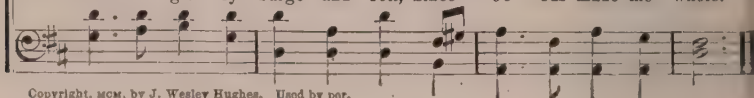
O hal - le - lu - jah! I am free; The pre - cious
I am free;



blood a - vails for me; And now, just now, all thro' my soul, Great



waves of glo - ry surge and roll, Since Je - sus made me whole.



Lavinia E. Brauff.

R. Frank Lehman.

1. For me the "Bread of life" was bro - ken, Re - demp-tion's song my
 2. For me the Lamb, so meek and low - ly, Was cru - ci - fied on
 3. For me the fount of love is flow - ing, There I re - fresh my

spir - it stirred, For me Christ's mes - sa - ges were spo - ken, Now
 Cal - va - ry; For me the Lamb, so pure and ho - ly, Rose
 wea - ry soul; For me the mo - ments sweet are go - ing, And

CHORUS.

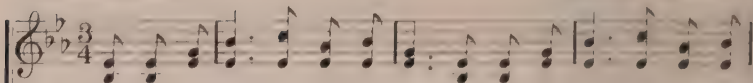
I am feast-ing on His word.
 from the grave tri-umph - ant - ly. } My pre - cious Sav - iour has as -
 I am com-ing to the goal.

sured me, That I am safe when by His side; My pre - cious

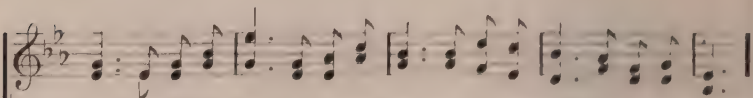
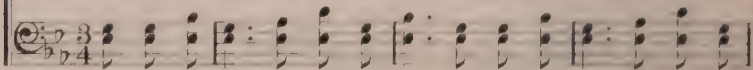
Sav - iour has pro - cured me A man - sion bright, where I'll a - bide.

Charles Wesley.

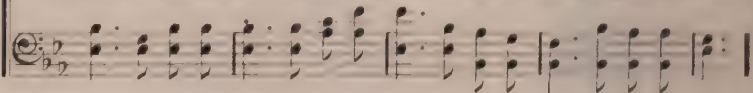
Rev. Wm. Stone.



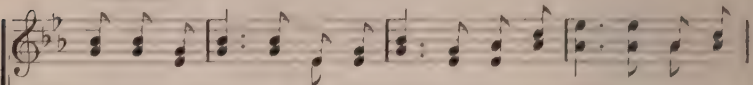
1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, raise our songs To reach the won - ders of that
2. Lord, we be - lieve to us and ours, The a - pos - tol - ic prom - ise
3. As - sem - bled here with one ac - cord, Calm - ly we wait the prom - ised
4. If ev - 'ry one that asks may find, If still Thou dost on sin - ners
5. O leave us not to mourn be - low, Or long for Thy re - turn to



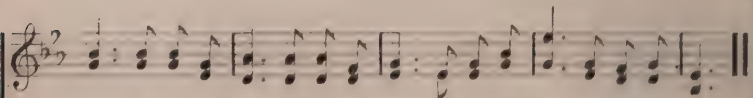
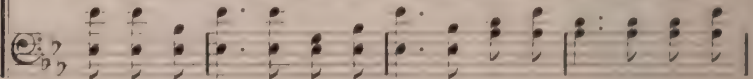
day, When, with thy fier - y cloven tongues Thou didst such glorious scenes display,
 given; We wait the Pen - te - costal pow'rs, The Ho - ly Ghost sent down from heav'n.
 grace, The purchase of our dy - ing Lord; Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.
 fall, Come as a might - y rushing wind; Great grace be now up 'on us all.
 pine; Now, Lord, the Com - fort - er be - stow, And fix in us the guest di - vine.



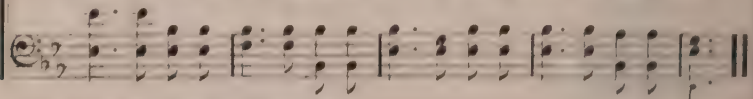
CHORUS.



The Pen - te - cos - tal gifts we seek, Our hearts to fill, our tongues to



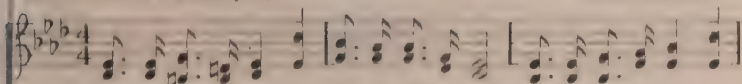
speak; We wait the Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r, O let it come this ve - ry hour.



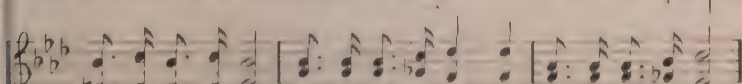
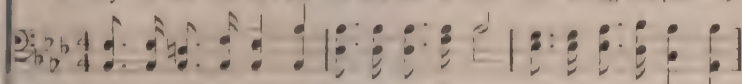
3. Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

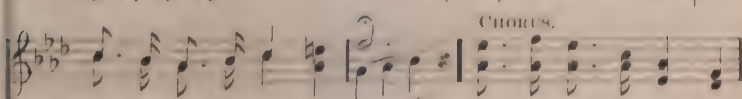
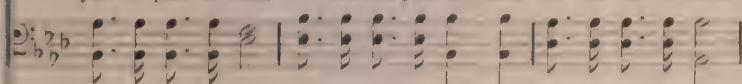
Adam Geibel.



1. Stand-ing like a lighthouse on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
2. There are hu-man shipwrecks ly-ing all a-round, O, what mor-al dark-ness
3. Do not let the bush-el cov-er up your light, Keep your lamp in or-der,
4. Try to live for Je-sus till this life is over For a long this path-way

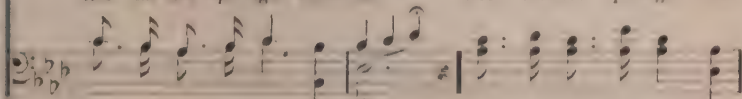


dark-ness, sin, and crime, O - pen up your win-dows, there's a work sublime;
 ev-ry-where is found; Warn some oth-er - woe - nels off from dan-gerous ground;
 trimm'd and burn-ing bright, Try to be a bless-ing, bright-en up the night;
 you will pass no more, Till He bids you wel-come on the oth-er shore,



CHORUS.

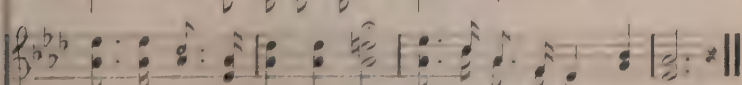
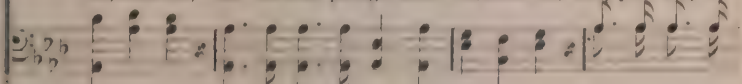
Let the Gos - pel light shine out. Let the Gos - pel light shine



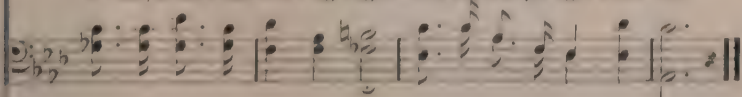
out, out,



out, shine out, Let the Gos - pel light shine out, shine out, Keep your lamp in

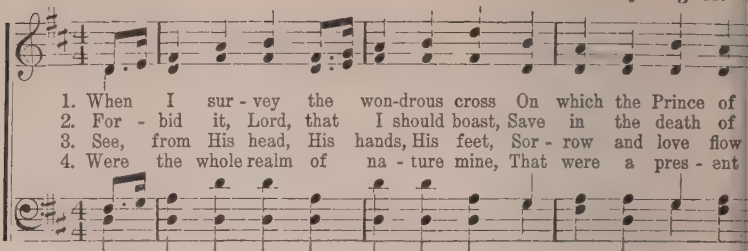


or - der, trimm'd and burn-ing bright, Let the Gos - pel light shine out.



Isaac Watts.

J. Wesley Hughes.

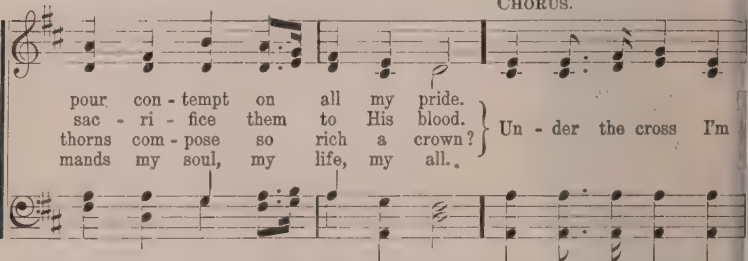


1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow
 4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent

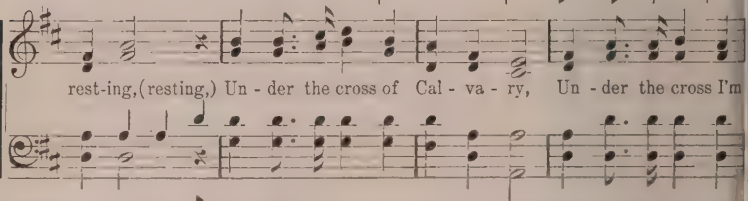


glo-ry died; My rich-est gain I count but loss, And
 Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I
 min-gled down; Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or
 far too small; Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De

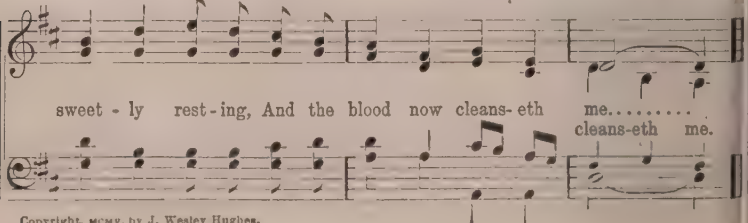
CHORUS.



pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 sac-ri-fice them to His blood. } Un-der the cross I'm
 thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 mands my soul, my life, my all.



rest-ing, (resting,) Un-der the cross of Cal-va-ry, Un-der the cross I'm



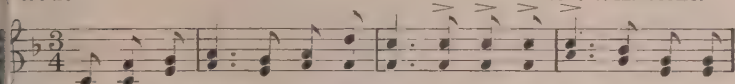
sweet-ly rest-ing, And the blood now cleans-eth me.....
 cleans-eth me.

5. When I Shall Stand Before the Judge.

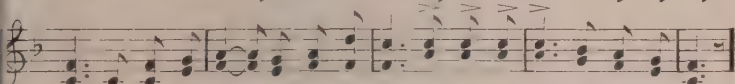
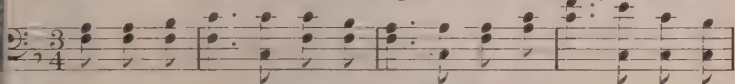
(To the Rev. Isaac L. Fowler, Thoro'fare, N. J.)

W. S.

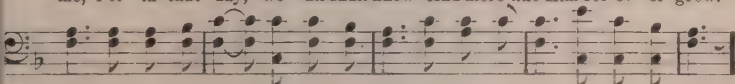
Rev. Wm. Stone.



1. When I shall stand be - fore the Judge, I will not fear for He loves
2. When I shall stand be - fore the Judge, I will not *doubt*. for He tells
3. When I shall stand be - fore the Judge, I will not *shrink*. for He *fills*
4. When I shall stand be - fore the Judge, I shall be changed as He tells
5. When I shall stand be - fore the Judge, I will be *bold*, in His pres -
6. When I shall stand be - fore the Judge, I then shall know, as He tells



me, And in His love I shall ap - pear, For ev - en now my soul doth cheer.
 me, And in His *word* I shall ap - pear, For ev - en now my soul doth hear.
 me, And in His spirit I shall ap - pear, For He's a - bid - ing with me here.
 me, For in that day *He shall ap - pear*, I shall His glo - rious im - age bear.
 ence, "For per - fect love doth cast out fear," And makes my vision bright and clear.
 me, For in that day, "we all shall know" And more like Him for - ev - er grow.



p CHORUS. *m* *f*
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I will not
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I will not
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I will not
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I then shall
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I will be
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I then shall



fear, for He loves me, Yes! He loves me, and in His love I shall ap - pear.
doubt. for He tells me, Yes, He tells me, and in His *word* I shall ap - pear.
shrink. for He fills me, Yes, He fills me, and in His spirit I shall ap - pear.
 be, as He tells me, As He tells me, for in that day *He shall ap - pear*.
 bold in His pres - ence, In His presence, "for perfect love doth cast out fear."
 know, as He tells me, As He tells me, "for in that day we all shall know."



Is Jesus Precious?

Kate Ulmer.

R. Frank Lehman.

1. Is Je - sus pre - cious? do you al - ways love Him?
 2. Is Je - sus pre - cious? think how much you owe Him,
 3. Is Je - sus pre - cious? go and now de - clare it.
 4. Is Je - sus pre - cious? what will be your an - swer

Dear - er by far than all else be - side! Are you each mo - ment
 Think of the debt he paid on the tree; Think of His mer - cy,
 Live it, and tell it day aft - er day; Like Him in spir - it,
 When you shall stand at heav - en's bright door? If it be "yes," the

striv - ing to o - bey Him, Faith - ful to Him what - ev - er be - tide?
 love, and great for - give - ness, Think of His grace a - bund - ant and free.
 pa - tient, true and ten - der, Try - ing to show to oth - ers the way.
 gates will swing wide o - pen, But "no," will shut you out ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

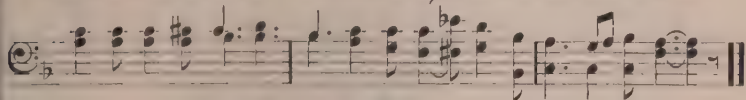
Is Je - sus pre - cious? Do you now love Him Dear - er, far

dear - er than the whole world be - side? He is your Sav - iour,

Is Jesus Precious?—Concluded.



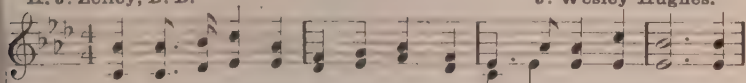
Friend, and blest Re-deem-er, He for your sake hath both suf-fered and died.



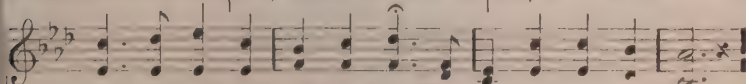
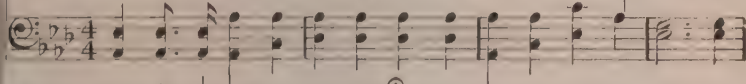
17. Go Preach My Gospel.

H. J. Zelle, D. D.

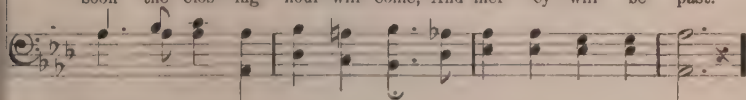
J. Wesley Hughes.



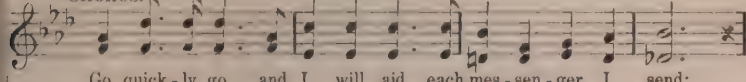
1. Go preach my gos - pel, Je - sus said, The whole wide world a - round; And
2. Go to the dis - tant coun - tries far, And is - lands of the sea; Go
3. Go gath - er all men at the cross, A vast be - liev - ing host; Bap -
4. Go teach them all that I have said, And make them wise in - deed; That
5. Go, quick - ly go, for life is short, And time is wan - ing fast; So



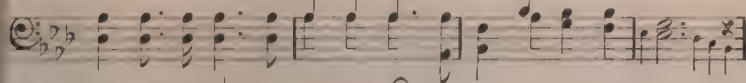
tell the sto - ry of my love, Where - ev - er man is found.
 tell them all their debt was paid On Cal - vary's rug - ged tree.
 tize them in the Fa - ther's name, The Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
 they may turn from sin's dark way, And lives of vir - tue lead.
 soon the clos - ing hour will come, And mer - cy will be past.



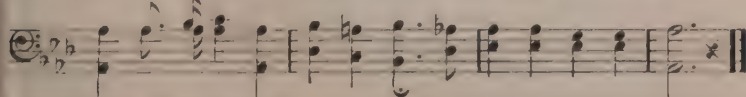
CHORUS.



Go, quick - ly go, and I will aid each mes - sen - ger I send;



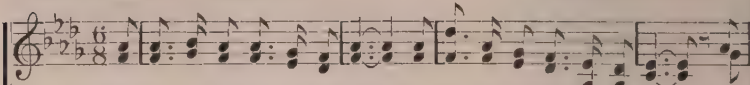
Lo, I am with you all the days Un - til the world shall end.



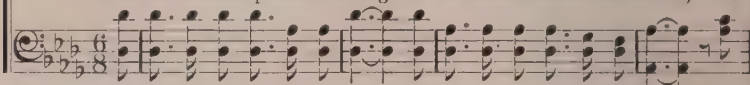
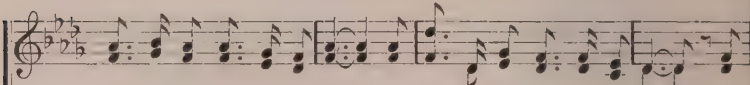
48. The Story Will Never Grow Old.

Martha Shepard Lippincott.

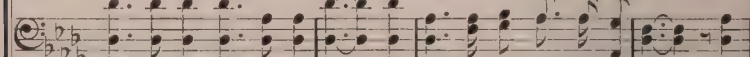

R. Frank Lehman.




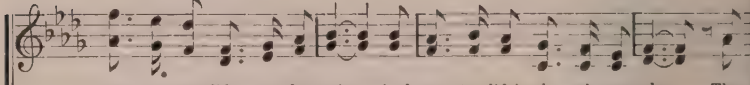
1. The sto - ry will nev - er grow old, How Je - sus has died for our souls, And
2. The prom - ise is sweet and will give Such comfort to souls when distress'd, To
3. The sto - ry will nev - er grow old, How Je - sus has died for our souls, And
4. Then let us sweet praises e'er sing To Christ who redeems us from sin, His

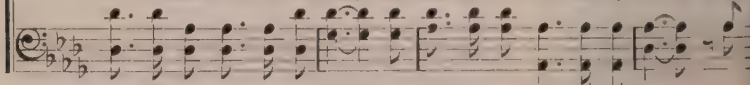
ev - er - more it will be told, As time in e - ter - ni - ty rolls: How
know that if right - ly they live, Their spir - its once more shall be bless'd; To
ev - er - more it will be told, As time in e - ter - ni - ty rolls. And
love will sweet peace ever bring, And teach us God's ways to be - gin. The

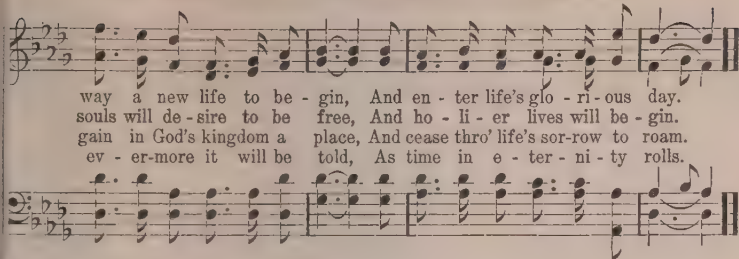
Je - sus will free us from sin, And teach us, tho' gone far a - stray, The
know that for - give - ness may be, And lives be redeemed from their sin, When
souls will be saved by His grace, And led to the heav - en - ly home, To
sto - ry will nev - er grow old, How Je - sus has died for our souls, And

way a new life to be - gin, And en - ter life's glo - ri - ous day, The
souls will de - sire to be free, And ho - li - er lives will be - gin, And
gain in God's kingdom a place, And cease thro' life's sorrows to roam, To
ev - er - more it will be told, As time in e - ter - ni - ty rolls, And



The Story Will Never Grow Old—Concluded.

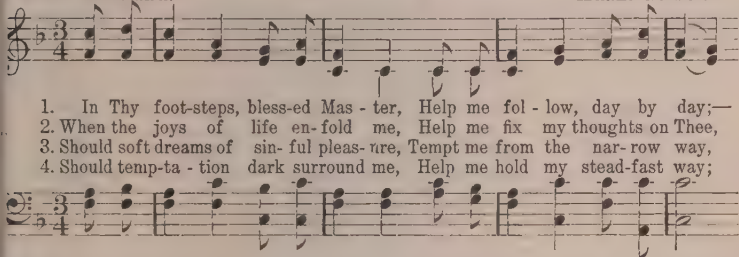


way a new life to be - gin, And en - ter life's glo - ri - ous day.
souls will de - sire to be free, And ho - li - er lives will be - gin.
gain in God's kingdom a place, And cease thro' life's sor - row to roam.
ev - er - more it will be told, As time in e - ter - ni - ty rolls.

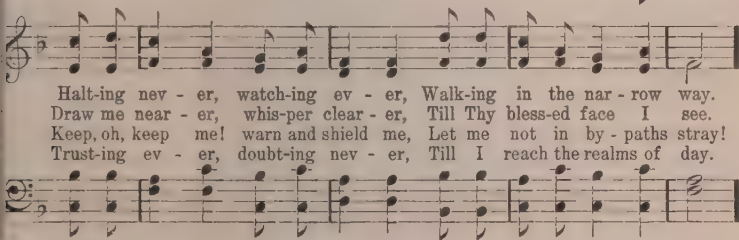
9. In Thy Footsteps.

Flora Kirkland.

Adam Geibel.

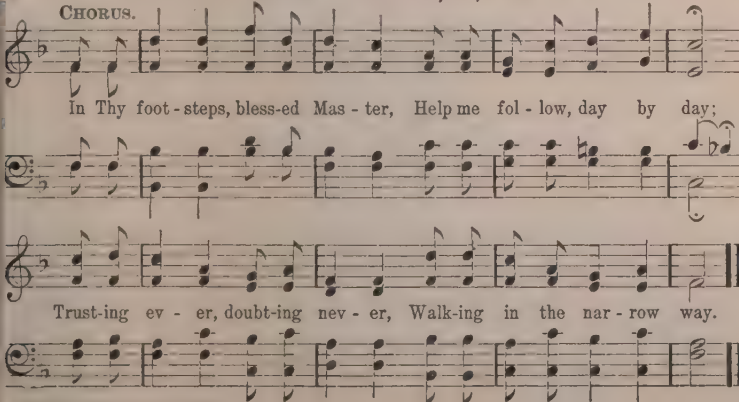


1. In Thy foot - steps, bless - ed Mas - ter, Help me fol - low, day by day;—
2. When the joys of life en - fold me, Help me fix my thoughts on Thee,
3. Should soft dreams of sin - ful pleas - ure, Tempt me from the nar - row way,
4. Should temp - ta - tion dark surround me, Help me hold my stead - fast way;



Halt - ing nev - er, watch - ing ev - er, Walk - ing in the nar - row way.
Draw me near - er, whis - per clear - er, Till Thy bless - ed face I see.
Keep, oh, keep me! warn and shield me, Let me not in by - paths stray!
Trust - ing ev - er, doubt - ing nev - er, Till I reach the realms of day.

CHORUS.



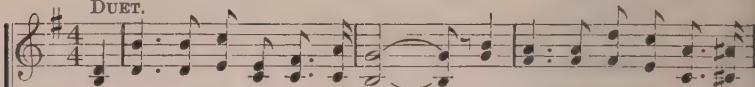
In Thy foot - steps, bless - ed Mas - ter, Help me fol - low, day by day;
Trust - ing ev - er, doubt - ing nev - er, Walk - ing in the nar - row way.

In Sight of Heaven.

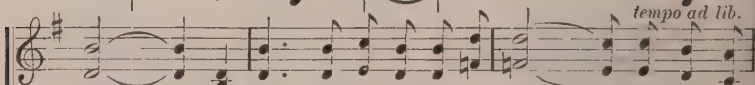
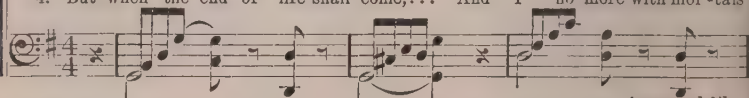
H. J. Zelle, D. D.

J. Wesley Hughes.

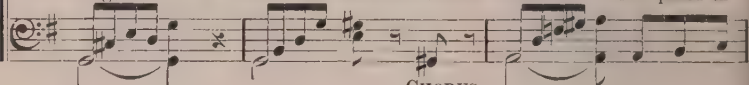
DUET.



1. When near at home or far a - way,.... To God's dear prom-is - es I
2. Where e'er my wea-ry steps may lead,.... Each du - ty doth new pleasure
3. While in His ser-vice, I may go..... Where foes their cru-el darts may
4. But when the end of life shall come,... And I no more with mor-tals



cling,.... And thus I'll live by night and day,..... In sight of
bring;... I know that I am safe in - deed,.... In sight of
fling:.... Yet, still a bless-ed peace I know,.... In sight of
sing;.... I know I'll reach that blessed home.... Pre-pared in



CHORUS.



heav'n, and heav-en's King....
heav'n, and heav-en's King.... } "In sight of heav'n," O praise the Lord!
heav'n, and heav-en's King....
heav'n by heav-en's King....



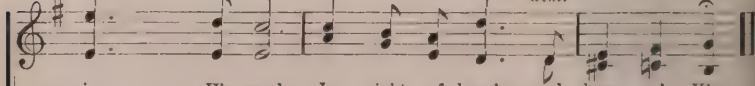
cres.



my grate-ful song I'll ev - er sing, And live while trust-ing
and live while trusting, while



dim.



in His word, In sight of heav'n, and heav-en's King.
trust-ing in His word,



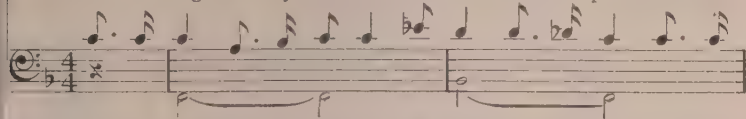
Nailed to the Cross.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

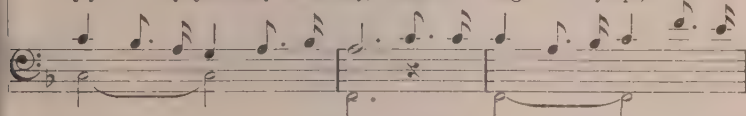
Grant Colfax Tullar.

DUET. *Ad lib.*

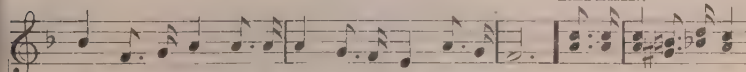
1. There was One who was will-ing to die in my stead, That a
 2. He is ten-der and lov-ing and pa-tient with me, While He
 3. I will cling to my Sav-iour and nev-er de-part—I will



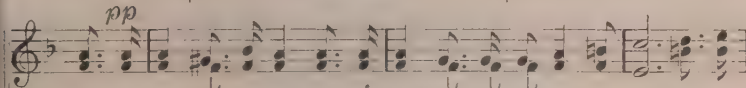
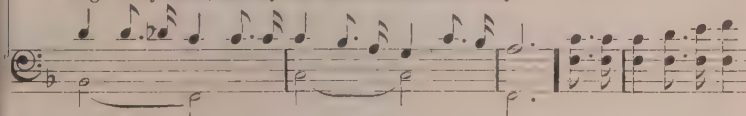
soul, so un-wor- thy, might live, And the path to the cross He was
 cleans-es my heart of its dross, But "there's no con-dem-na-tion"—I
 joy-ful-ly jour-ney each day, With a song on my lips, and a



REFRAIN.



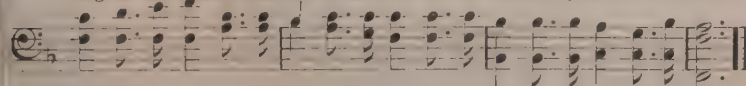
will-ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for-give. }
 know I am free, For my sins are all nailed to the cross. } They are nail'd to the cross,
 song in my heart, That my sins have been taken a-way. }



they are nail'd to the cross, O how much He was will-ing to bear! With what



anguish and loss, Je-sus went to the cross! But He carried my sins with Him there.

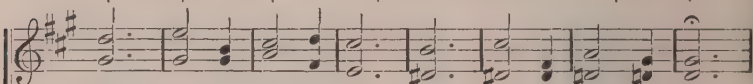
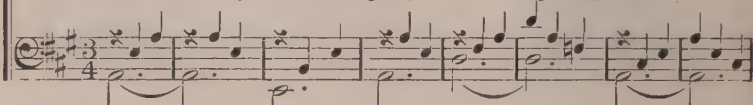


Flora Kirkland.

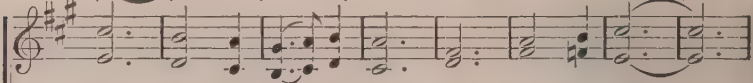
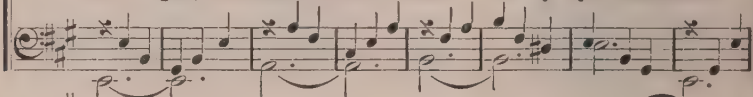
Marvin A. Street.

Suitable for male voices.

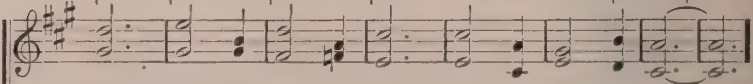
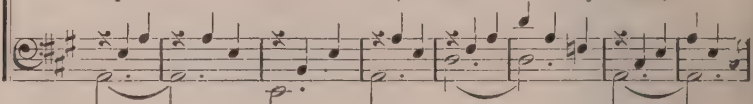
1. Lost one, the Sav - iour calls, "Come un - to me;....
 2. No oth - er of - fer - ing Thy need can meet;....
 3. Paid is thy ran - som price, O cap - tive, see!.....



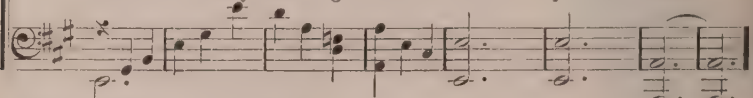
Come, ere life's twi - light falls, Je - sus en - treat - eth thee.
 To Christ thy soul must cling, He is God's "Mer - cy Seat."
 Not gold, but blood of Christ Hath ful - ly pur - chased thee.



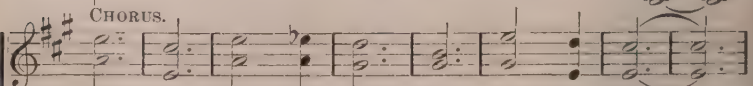
See, at the throne of God Wait - eth the King,....
 Bought by His pre - cious blood, Thou mayst be free;....
 Step in - to free - dom now, Cast off thy chains,...



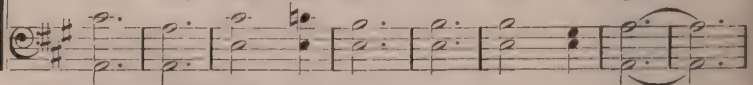
Plead - ing His pre - cious blood, Price - less of - fer - ing!...
 Cleansed in that crim - son flood, Saved e - ter - nal - ly.....
 Till of thy bond - age dark Not a spot re - mains...



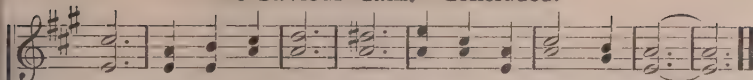
CHORUS.



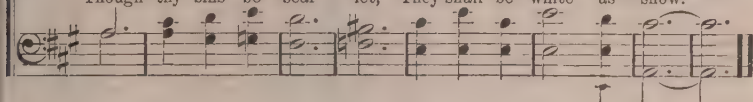
Lost one, has - ten now! To Je - sus go!....



The Saviour Calls.—Concluded.



"Though thy sins be scar - let, They shall be white as snow."



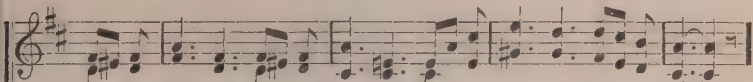
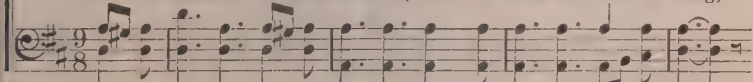
53. Your Lord Hath Need of You.

Kate Ulmer.

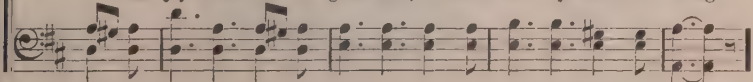
Adam Geibel.



1. Hark! O hark! a call for work-ers, Com-ing from the fields to - day;
2. All a-round us souls are dy-ing, All a-round for help they cry:
3. Haste to gath-er sheaves for Je-sus, Let no oth-er take your crown,
4. Soon will come the Lord of har-vest, Rich re-ward His own to bring;



Who will now with joy and glad-ness, Haste the sum-mons to o - bey?
 Ye who know the way to heav-en, Will you i - dly pass them by?
 Win His word of com-men-da-tion, When all bur-dens are laid down.
 O what joy 'twill be to greet Him, If we've tru - ly serv'd our King.



CHORUS.

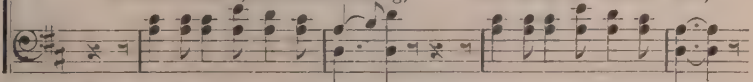
Fields are white..

But the la - bor-ers are few:



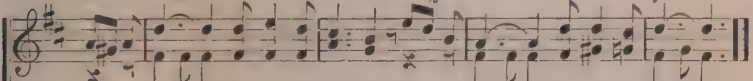
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,

But the la - bor-ers are few;

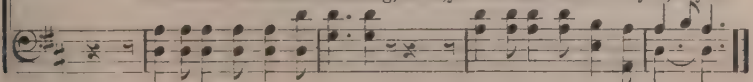


Ye who still..

Come, your Lord.. hath need of you...



Ye who still outside are standing, Come, your Lord hath need of you, of you.



Dr. H. J. Zellej,

Rev. Wm. Stone.

1. There are bless-ings in that du - ty hard, that meets you in the way,
 2. There are bless-ings in the bat - tles fierce that ev - er we must fight,
 3. There are bless-ings in the heav - y load that must be borne by all,
 4. There are bless-ings in the sto - ny road your feet must trav - el o'er,

Though it cause you pain and heart-ache as you face it day by day;
 When we stand a - gainst the e - vil and up - hold the good and right;
 Though you dread the wea - ry bur - den or be - neath it al - most fall;
 Though it seems more rough and thorn - y as you fol - low it the more;

Unison. *Harmony.*

Do that du - ty, do it brave-ly, cast all thought of self be - hind, And in
 Stand for Je - sus, you will conquer, tho' the way with foes is lined, And in
 Lift it brave-ly, you can bear it, with a spir - it sweet and kind, And in
 March a - long it strong and trustful, with a heart by grace re - fined, And in

D. S.—Ev'ry bless-ing we dis - cov - er should for - ev - er us re - mind, Of the

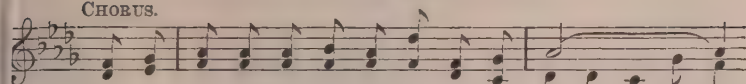
FINE.

du - ties that a - wait you, hid - den bless - ings you shall find.
 brave - ly fac - ing dan - ger, hid - den bless - ings you shall find.
 bear - ing heav - y bur - dens, hid - den bless - ings you shall find.
 press - ing ev - er on - ward, hid - den bless - ings you shall find.

ma - ny hid - den bless - ings earn - est souls are sure to find.

Undiscovered Blessings.—Concluded.

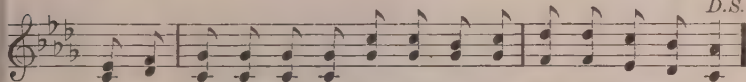
CHORUS.



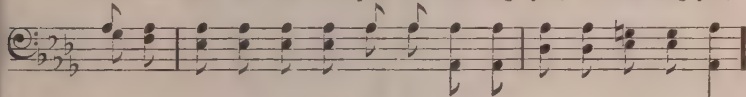
There are un - dis - cov - ered bless - ings, O 'tis true, (O yes 'tis true,)



D.S.



Love has won - der - ful sur - pris - es wait - ing you, a - wait - ing you,



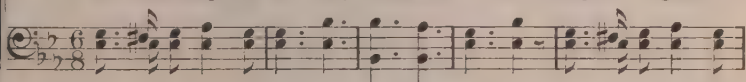
55. Chosen of God and Precious.

R. F. L.

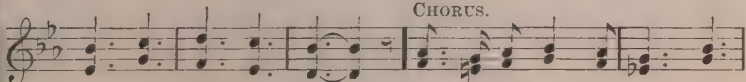
R. Frank Lehman.



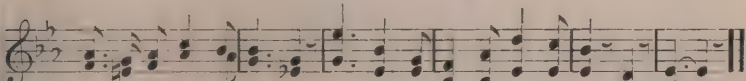
1. Cho - sen of God and pre - cious, Je - sus! Je - sus! Come to us now, re -
2. Oft - en the way grows dreary, Je - sus! Je - sus! But Thou canst cheer the
3. No oth - er hope in sor - row, Je - sus! Je - sus! Bring us a glad to -



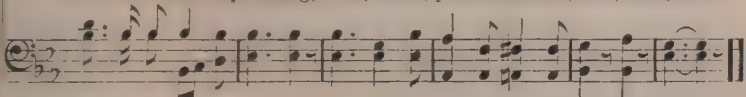
CHORUS.



fresh us, Je - sus, Lord.	} Oh! how we need re - fresh - ing,
wea - ry, Je - sus, Lord.	
mor - row, Je - sus, Lord.	



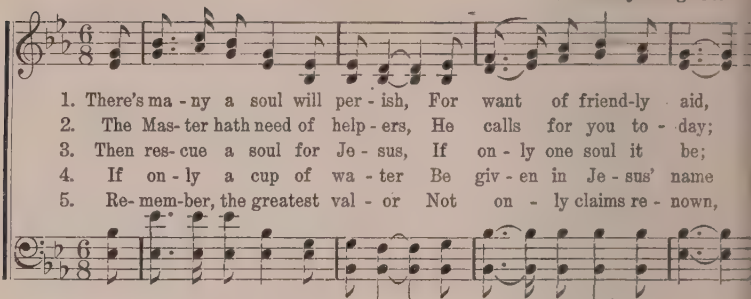
Oh! how we need Thy blessing; Come, Je - sus, precious Saviour, come, come, come.



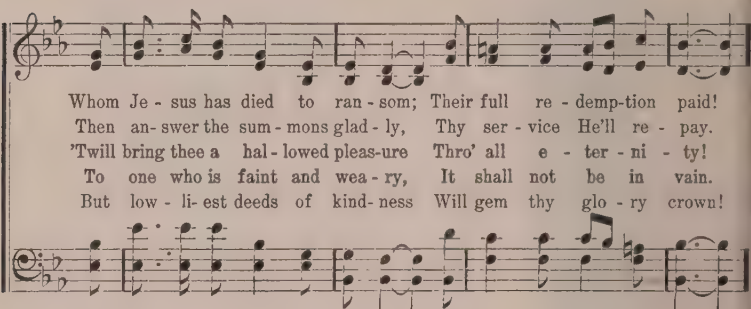
Why Not be a Helper?

J. W. H.

J. Wesley Hughes.

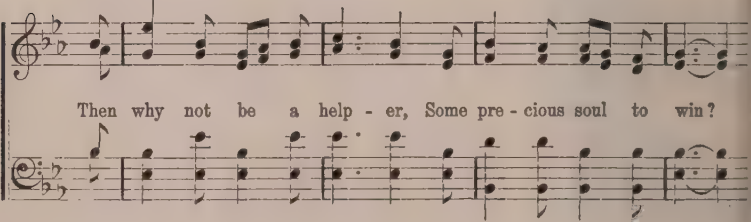


1. There's ma - ny a soul will per - ish, For want of friend - ly aid,
 2. The Mas - ter hath need of help - ers, He calls for you to - day;
 3. Then res - cue a soul for Je - sus, If on - ly one soul it be;
 4. If on - ly a cup of wa - ter Be giv - en in Je - sus' name
 5. Re - mem - ber, the greatest val - or Not on - ly claims re - nown,

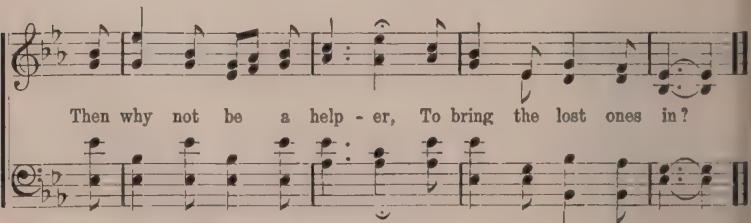


Whom Je - sus has died to ran - som; Their full re - demp - tion paid!
 Then an - swer the sum - mons glad - ly, Thy ser - vice He'll re - pay.
 'Twill bring thee a hal - lowed pleas - ure Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty!
 To one who is faint and wea - ry, It shall not be in vain.
 But low - li - est deeds of kind - ness Will gem thy glo - ry crown!

CHORUS.



Then why not be a help - er, Some pre - cious soul to win?

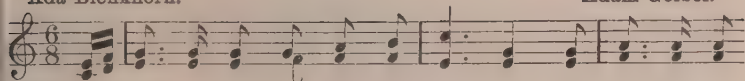


Then why not be a help - er, To bring the lost ones in?

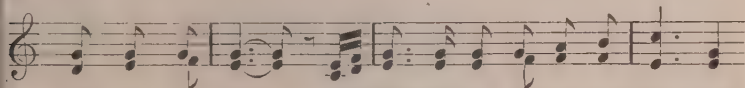
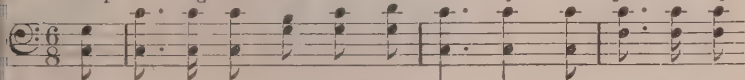
57. Keep Telling the Wonderful Story.

Ada Blenkhorn.

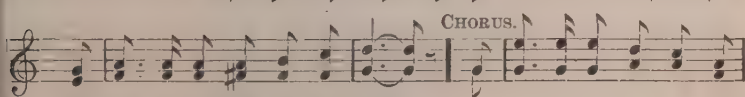
Adam Geibel.



1. Keep tell - ing the won - der - ful sto - ry, How Je - sus on
2. Keep tell - ing the won - der - ful sto - ry The sin - ful are
3. Keep tell - ing the won - der - ful sto - ry, — The blind at His
4. Keep tell - ing the won - der - ful sto - ry Of pu - ri - ty,

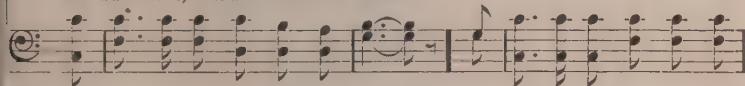


Cal - va - ry died. They wound - ed, for our great trans - ges - sions,
long - ing to hear. The mes - sage the Mas - ter shall give you
touch have their sight, And hearts, so re - bell - ious and sin - ful,
par - don, and peace, Un - / til thou shalt hear in thy spir - it

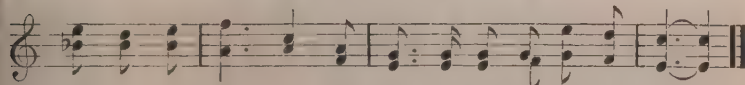
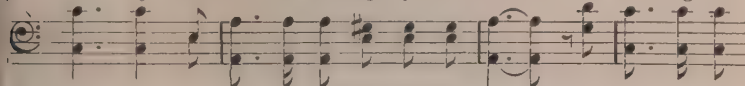


CHORUS.

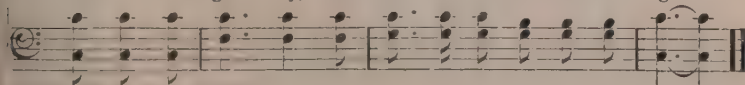
His hands and His feet and His side.
Like mu - sic will fall on the ear. } Keep tell - ing the won - der - ful
Are washed in His blood clean and white.
His sum - mons, that bid - deth thee cease.



sto - ry Of Je - sus the might - y to save; The mes - sage so



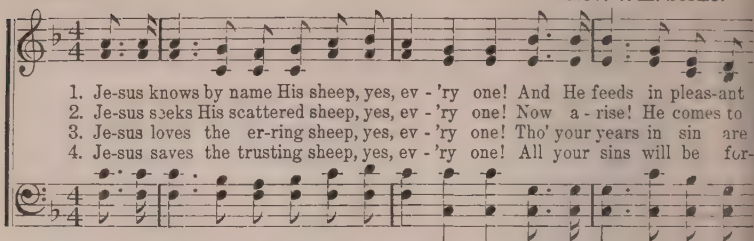
full of His glo - ry, The life and the love that He gave.



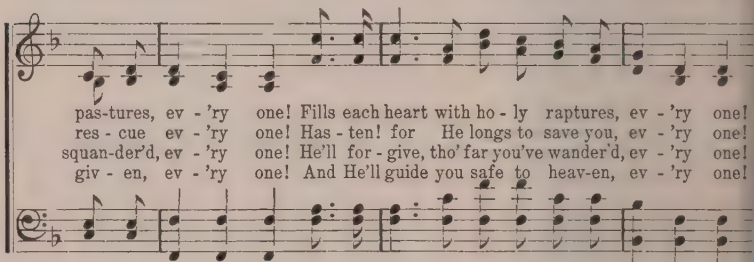
58. Jesus is the Shepherd of His Sheep.

W. S.

Rev. Wm. Stone.

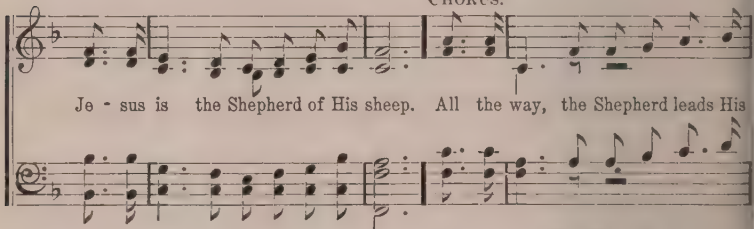


1. Je-sus knows by name His sheep, yes, ev - 'ry one! And He feeds in pleas-ant
 2. Je-sus seeks His scattered sheep, yes, ev - 'ry one! Now a - rise! He comes to
 3. Je-sus loves the er-ring sheep, yes, ev - 'ry one! Tho' your years in sin are
 4. Je-sus saves the trusting sheep, yes, ev - 'ry one! All your sins will be for-

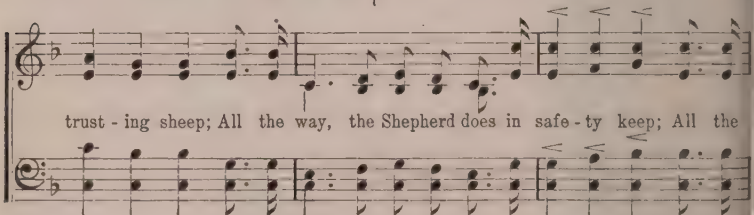


pas-tures, ev - 'ry one! Fills each heart with ho - ly raptures, ev - 'ry one!
 res - cue ev - 'ry one! Has - ten! for He longs to save you, ev - 'ry one!
 squan-der'd, ev - 'ry one! He'll for - give, tho' far you've wander'd, ev - 'ry one!
 giv - en, ev - 'ry one! And He'll guide you safe to heav-en, ev - 'ry one!

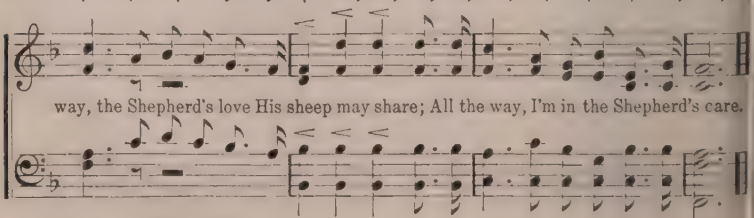
CHORUS.



Je - sus is the Shepherd of His sheep. All the way, the Shepherd leads His



trust - ing sheep; All the way, the Shepherd does in safe - ty keep; All the



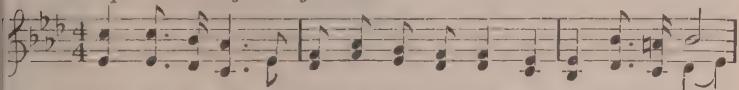
way, the Shepherd's love His sheep may share; All the way, I'm in the Shepherd's care.

9. While He Calls.

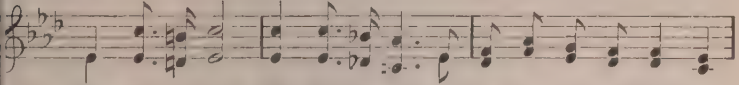
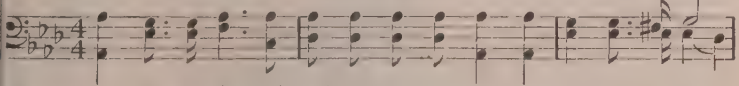
J. W. H.

J. Wesley Hughes.

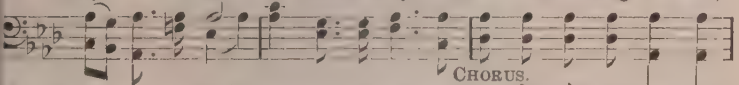
Con espressione. May be sung as Solo.



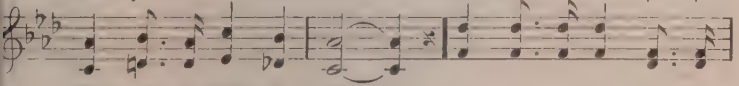
1. Can you not hear the Sav-iour gen-tly call-ing? "Come un-to me,
2. See Him, a-lone, in yon-der gar-den pray-ing; 'Twas all for Thee;
3. His nail-torn hands now plead for thy sal-va-tion; Fa-ther for-give!
4. He died for thee on Cal-v'ry's rug-ged mount-ain; Pierced by the spear,



come un-to me;" His ten-der words in lov-ing ac-cents fall-ing,
His ag-o-o-ny. Though thou art lost, and from the Fa-ther stray-ing,
Fa-ther for-give! O why not heed the bless-ed in-vi-ta-tion,
thy sin to bear. O come to-day, and seek the cleans-ing fount-ain,

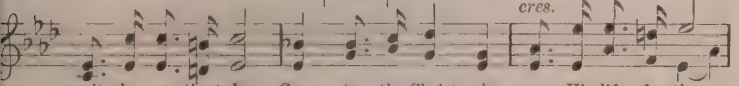


CHORUS.

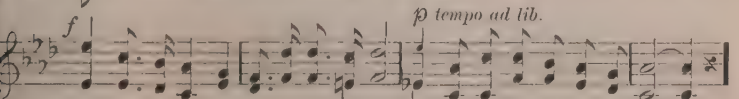


Whis-pers of peace to thee.
Still He is call-ing thee.
"Come un-to me and live."
Flow-ing for-ev-er there.

Come while the Sav-iour is

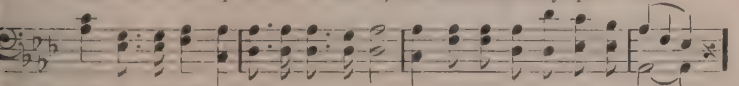


wait-ing pa-tient-ly; Come to the Christ who gave His life for thee;



p tempo ad lib.

Come while He of-fers pardon full and free; Come while the Holy Spir-it calls.



In the Shadow of the Cross.

Richard Henry Buck.

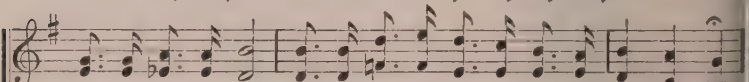
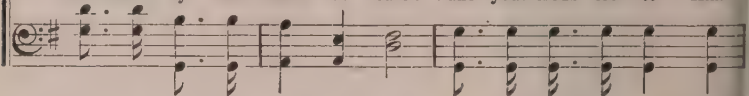
Adam Geibel.



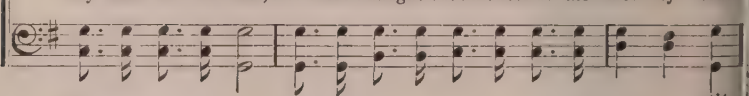
1. Are you heav - y la - den, are you sad at heart? Is your spir - it
2. He is ev - er faith - ful, He is ev - er true, He is ev - er
3. Is your bur - den great - er than your strength can bear? Is your path - way



wea - ry with the sin - ner's part? There is One who heed - eth
hold - ing out His hand to you. Won't you let Him help you
dark - ened by the clouds of care? Take your troub - les to Him—

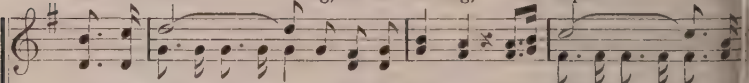


e'en the sparrow's fall, And you'll find Him wait - ing, when He hears you call.
in the bit - ter fight? He will ev - er lead you in the paths of right.
lay them at His feet, For there's naught but kindness at the mer - cy - seat.

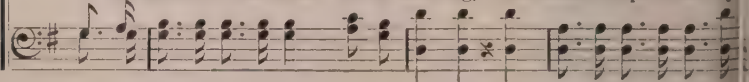


CHORUS.

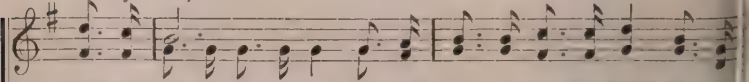
He is wait - - ing, He is wait - ing, With hope..... for



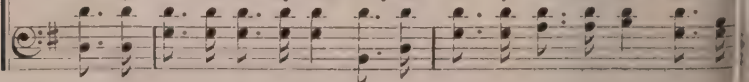
In the shad - ow of the cross He is wait - ing, With words of hope for ev - 'ry



ev - 'ry loss,



earth - ly loss, for ev - 'ry loss: If you'll on - ly let Him know, He will



In the Shadow of the Cross.—Concluded.

make you white as snow, In the shad-ow, in the shad-ow of the cross.

3. There's Room in My Heart for Jesus.

Adam Geibel.

W. P. Fenimore.

1. To Thee, my Sav-iour, now I come, There's room in my heart for Jesus! Oh,
2. In sin I've wan-der'd all too long, There's room in my heart for Jesus! I
3. I want to taste the heav'n-ly joy, There's room in my heart for Jesus! Where
4. Then shall I sing for - ev - er - more, There's room in my heart for Jesus! When

may I nev - er from Thee roam, There's room in my heart for Je - sus.
 want to sing re - demp-tion's song, There's room in my heart for Je - sus.
 sin and strife can - not de - stroy, There's room in my heart for Je - sus.
 I have reached that bliss-ful shore, There's room in my heart for Je - sus.

CHORUS.

There's room in my heart for Je - sus, There's room in my heart for Him, I'll

sing His praise thro' all my days, There's room in my heart for Je - sus.

The Power to Bless.

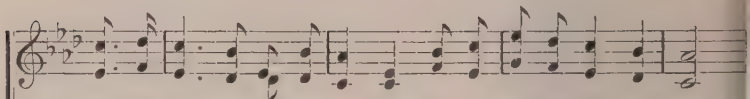
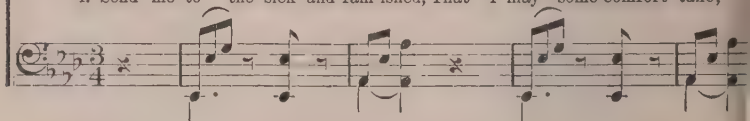
Rev. H. J. Zelle.

J. Wesley Hughes, arr.

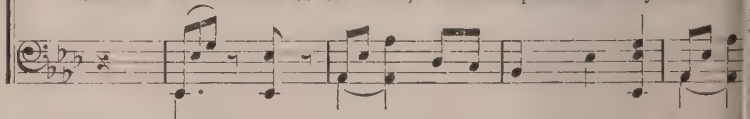
DUET.



1. Send me to the sad and wea-ry, With a rose from E-den fair;
2. Send me to the home-less wand'rer, With the sto-ry of Thy love;
3. Send me to the friendless chil-dren, Hun-gry, sad and suffering pain;
4. Send me to the sick and fam-ished, That I may some comfort take;



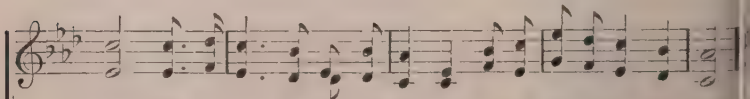
Send me to the souls dis-cour-aged, That I may their bur-dens bear.
 Send me to the weak and fall-en, Let me guide them safe a-bove.
 Send me forth to find the lep-ers, Touch them back to health a-gain.
 Send me to the ones in sor-row, I would help them for Thy sake.



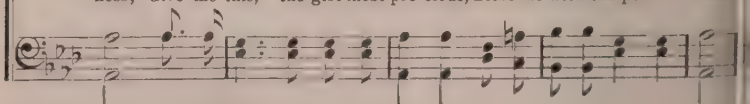
CHORUS.



Give me, Lord, Thy rich-est bless-ing, As I walk in right-eous



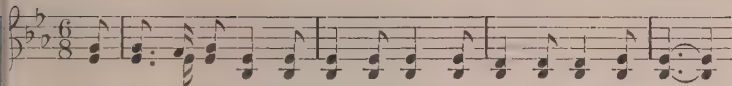
ness; Give me this, the gift most pre-cious, Bless me with the pow'r to bless.



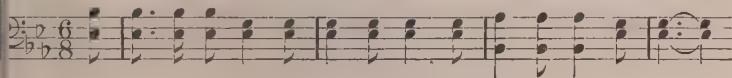
Temperance Hymn.

Dr. H. J. Zelley.

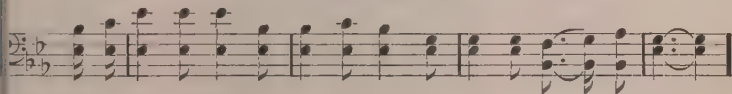
Rev. Wm. Stone.



1. O think of the homes de-royed by drink, Where love once reigned supreme;
2. O think of the lives now wrecked and sad, Whose prospects once were bright;
3. O think of the souls for - ev - er lost, By rum fiend cruel-ly slain;
4. O think of the young, now tempted sore, And save them while you may;



But they tremble now on ru - in's brink, The past seems on - ly a dream.
 By the poisoned cup they're driv-en mad And left in hope - less night.
 In the fier - y bil-lows, tempest tossed, They dwell in end - less pain.
 Tho' you've fought the foe, O fight the more, Till you have won the day!



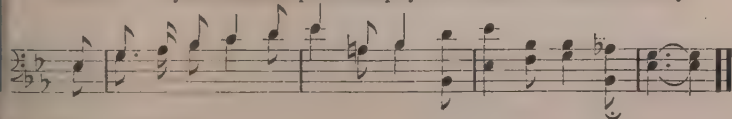
CHORUS.



By the mer - cies of God which you en-joy, A - rise in your might, to - day,

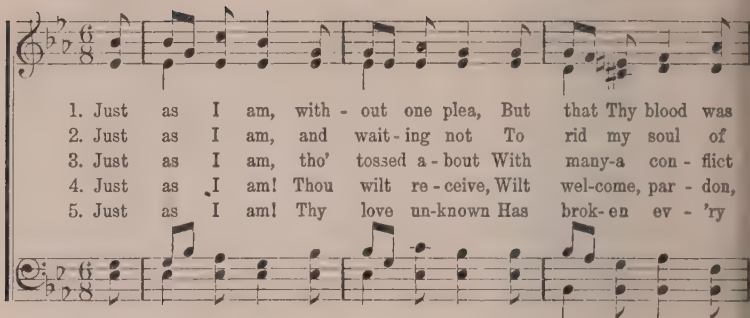


And all of your ransomed pow'rs em-ploy To break the rum fiend's sway!

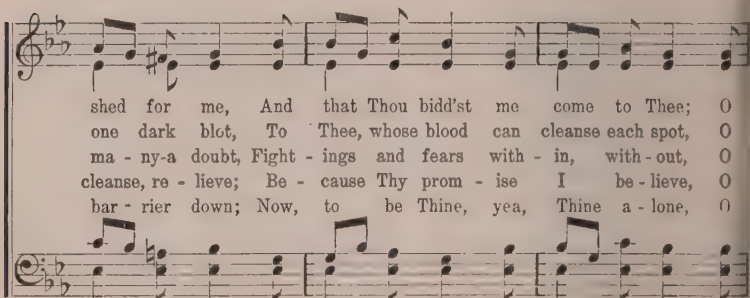


C Elliott.

Geo. H. Ryder.

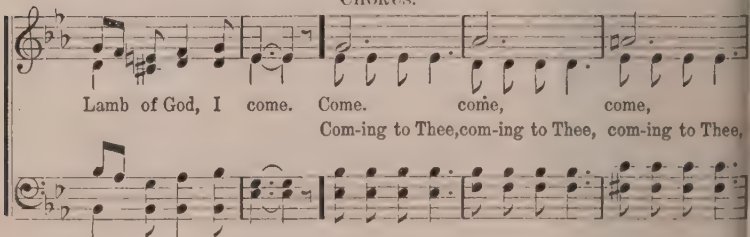


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many-a con - flict
 4. Just as I am! Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don,
 5. Just as I am! Thy love un - known Has brok - en ev - 'ry

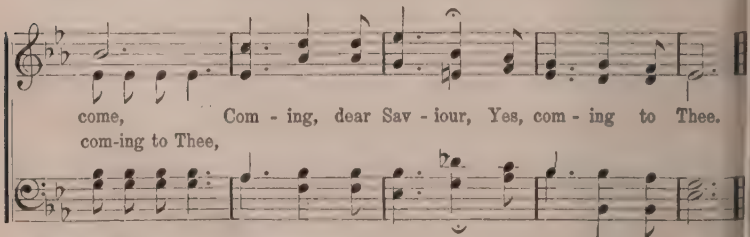


shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee; O
 one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O
 ma - ny-a doubt, Fight - ings and fears with - in, with - out, O
 cleanse, re - lieve; Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O
 bar - rier down; Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O

CHORUS.



Lamb of God, I come. Come. come, come,
 Com - ing to Thee, com - ing to Thee, com - ing to Thee,



come, Com - ing, dear Sav - iour, Yes, com - ing to Thee.
 com - ing to Thee,

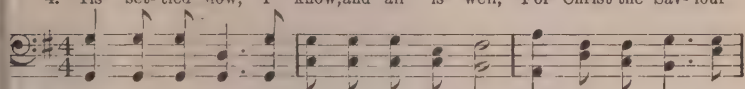
I Know it Now.

Rev. H. J. Zellej.

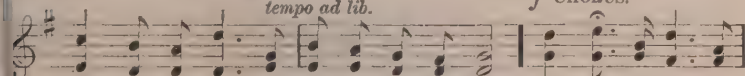
J. Wesley Hughes.

SOLO. *Con espressione.*

1. Thro' ma - ny years I tried to serve the Lord, Tried to o - bey the
2. At last I heard the Sav-iour's gen - tle voice; I made His will my
3. I saw the Christ, but ah! so far a - way, Stand - ing a - lone: I
4. 'Tis set - tled now, I know, and all is well, For Christ the Sav - iour



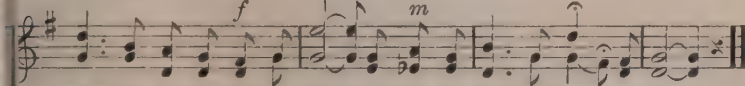
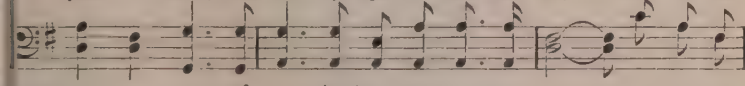
pre - cepts of His Word; I served be - cause I knew it to be right,
own, my on - ly choice; My life, my pride, am - bi - tion, all were giv'n,
ran with - out de - lay: Just then he turned and came so near to me
comes with me to dwell; Since by His blood He washed my sins a - way,

*tempo ad lib.**f* CHORUS.

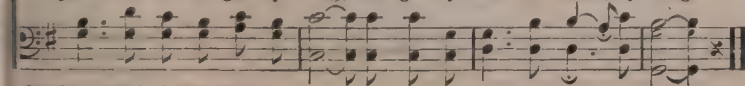
But found no joy, no ray of ho - ly light. (After 1st and 2d vs.)
Then from my heart each earth - ly tie was riv'n. Can Je - sus save? I
I touched His hand, and now my soul is free. (After 3d and 4th vs.)
I'll shout His praise thro' an e - ter - nal day. He saves me now! O



longed to know; To hear the Spir - it's whis - per low Then to His
yes, I know, His Ho - ly Spir - it tells me so; Now to His



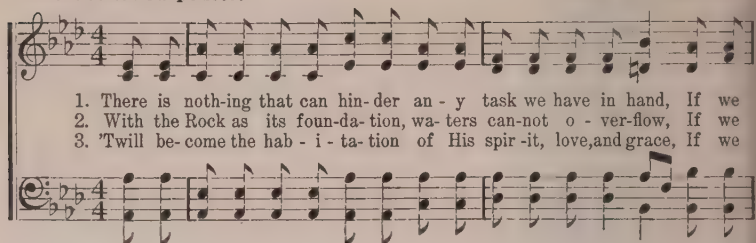
praise I'd ev - er glad - ly sing, And glo - ry give to Christ, my King.
praise I'll ev - er glad - ly sing; All glo - ry be to Christ, my King.



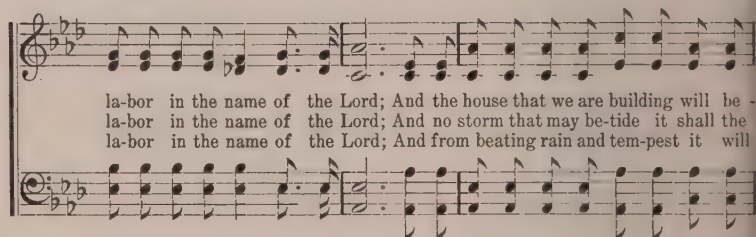
66. If We Labor in the Name of the Lord.

Rev. J. W. Carpenter.

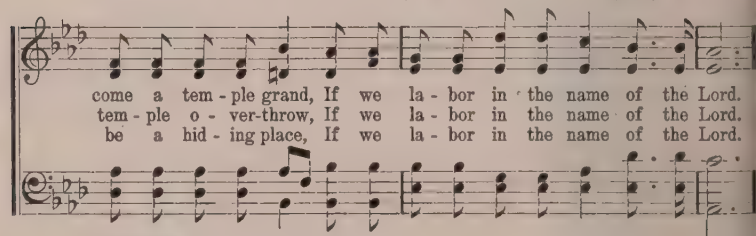
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. There is noth-ing that can hin-der an - y task we have in hand, If we
 2. With the Rock as its foun-da-tion, wa-ters can-not o - ver-flow, If we
 3. 'Twill be-come the hab - i - ta-tion of His spir-it, love, and grace, If we

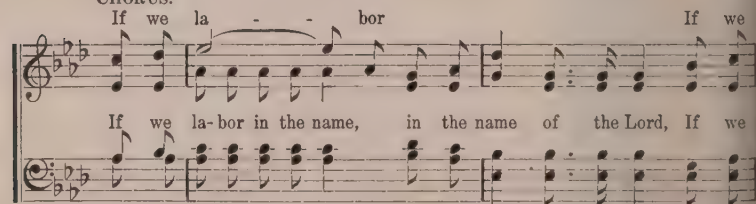


la-bor in the name of the Lord; And the house that we are building will be -
 la-bor in the name of the Lord; And no storm that may be-tide it shall the
 la-bor in the name of the Lord; And from beating rain and tem-pest it will

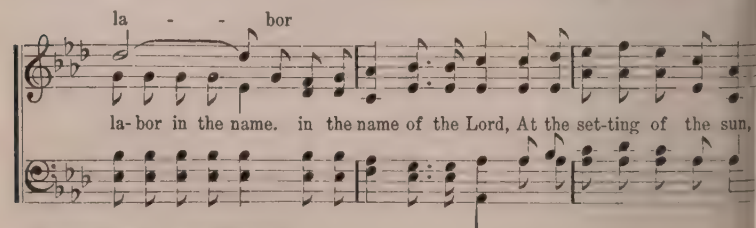


come a tem - ple grand, If we la - bor in the name of the Lord.
 tem - ple o - ver-throw, If we la - bor in the name of the Lord.
 be a hid - ing place, If we la - bor in the name of the Lord.

CHORUS.



If we la - - - bor If we
 If we la-bor in the name, in the name of the Lord, If we



la - - - bor
 la-bor in the name. in the name of the Lord, At the set-ting of the sun,

If We Labor in the Name of the Lord.—Concluded.

He will say to us: "well done," If we la - bor in the name of the Lord.

67. Fully Yield Your Will.

Kate Ulmer.

Adam Geibel.

1. Would you keep in touch with Jesus ev'ry day, Feel His guiding presence all along your
2. Would you serve Him gladly, faithfully and well, Making ev'ry mo-ment for His glo-ry
3. Would you res-cue souls from mis-er-y and sin, To the fold of Jesus safely bring them
4. When the ransom'd gather in the realms of light, Would you shine up yonder in a robe of

way; Have His Ho - ly Spir-it teach you how to pray? Ful-ly yield your will to Him.
 tell; Have your tho'ts on Him, and Him alone, to dwell? Ful-ly yield your will to Him.
 in, Thus for your dear Saviour precious jewels win? Ful-ly yield your will to Him.
 white; Brighter than the stars that glitter in the night? Ful-ly yield your will to Him.

CHORUS.

Hark! He soft - ly call - eth to you now, Come, be-fore Him in sub-mis-sion

Hark! He soft - ly call - eth to you now, Come, before Him in sub -

bow; Let His seal be placed upon your brow, Fully yield your will just now to Him.

mission bow;

A Song in My Heart.

Irene Young.

Florence W. Williams.

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not tell, And my
 2. O the peace and the joy of this song in my heart, Fill my
 3. Now my life would be drear-y and bar-ren, in-deed, Should this

soul is with hap-pi-ness fill'd, Since the Sav-iour has come in my
 life with a bless-ed-ness new, And I long for the wis-dom and
 sweet-est of mu-sic be still'd, For this song in my heart ev-er

life to fore-tell The sweet treas-ures in store for His child.
 pow'r to im-part His great mes-sage—so won-drous-ly true.
 tells me how sweet Is a life with such joy-ous-ness fill'd.

CHORUS.

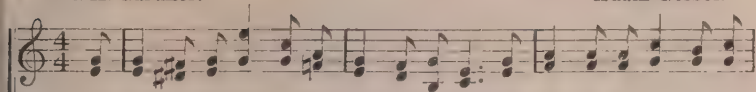
O would that the words might be given to me, To show you how sweet 'tis to dwell

With Je-sus, who gave to my life this dear song,—The song that my lips cannot tell.

69. Tell Me the Story of Jesus Again!

Wm. H. Gardner.

Adam Geibel.



1. You say there's a Sav-iour that came to this earth, To die on the cross for the
2. You say that He suf-fered for you and for me; That for the whole world He en-
3. No mat-ter how wick-ed or vile I may be; How long I have liv'd in earth's



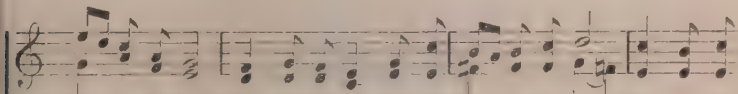
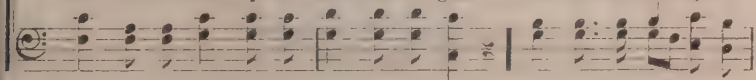
chil-dren of men. You say that the an-gels did her-ald His birth; Then
dured Cal-vary's pain, You say that His com-ing made sal-va-tion free; Then
dark-ness and shame, That if I re-pent He'll give par-don to me; Then



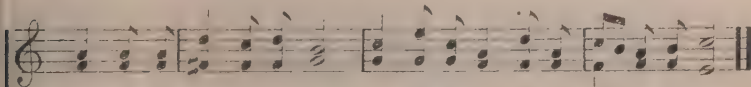
CHORUS.



tell me the sto-ry of Je-sus a-gain! Tell me the sto-ry of



Je-sus a-gain! Won-der-ful Je-sus! the Sav-iour of men! Tell me His



blood will wash out sin's dark stain! Tell me the sto-ry of Je-sus a-gain!

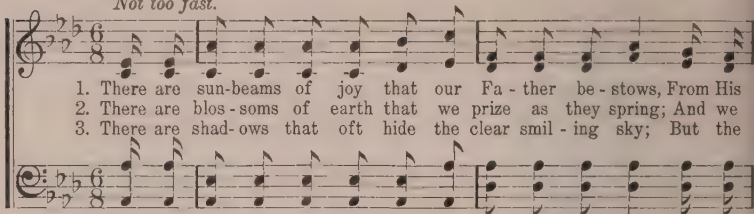


70. The Sun That Shall Never Go Down.

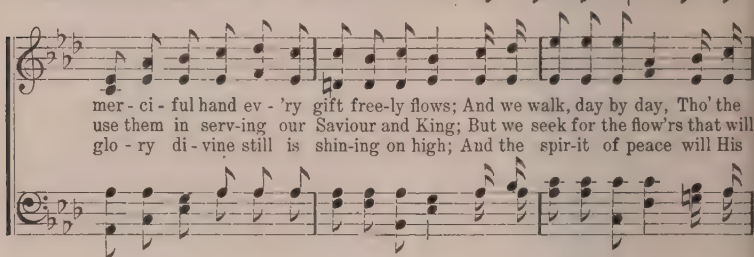
E. E. Hewitt.

J. Wesley Hughes.

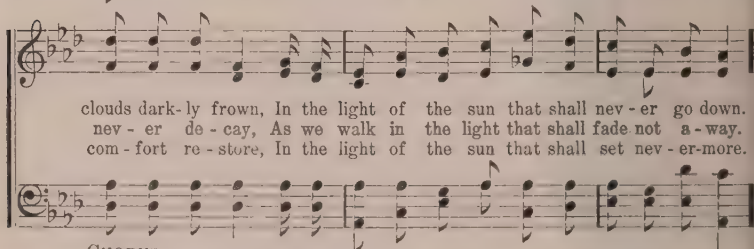
Not too fast.



1. There are sun-beams of joy that our Fa - ther be - stows, From His
 2. There are blos - soms of earth that we prize as they spring; And we
 3. There are shad - ows that oft hide the clear smil - ing sky; But the

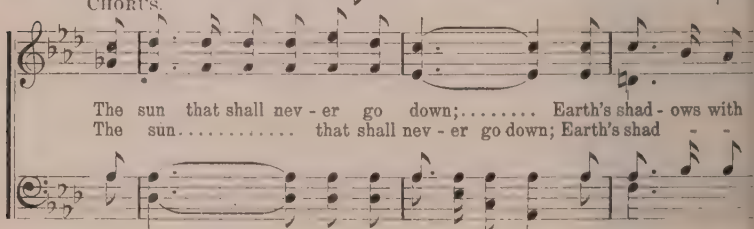


mer - ci - ful hand ev - 'ry gift free - ly flows; And we walk, day by day, Tho' the
 use them in serv - ing our Saviour and King; But we seek for the flow'rs that will
 glo - ry di - vine still is shin - ing on high; And the spir - it of peace will His

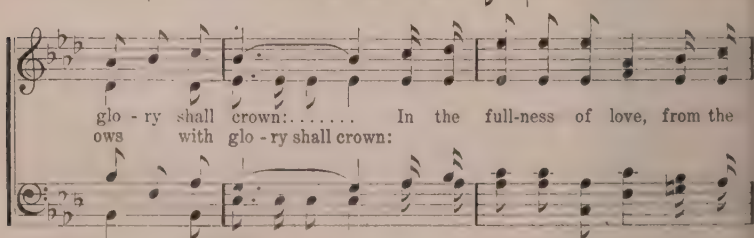


clouds dark - ly frown, In the light of the sun that shall nev - er go down.
 nev - er de - cay, As we walk in the light that shall fade not a - way.
 com - fort re - store, In the light of the sun that shall set nev - er - more.

CHORUS.

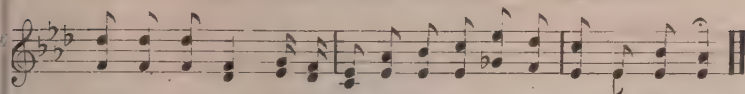


The sun that shall nev - er go down;..... Earth's shad - ows with
 The sun..... that shall nev - er go down; Earth's shad

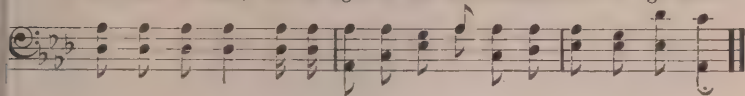


glo - ry shall crown:..... In the full - ness of love, from the
 ows with glo - ry shall crown:

The Sun That Shall Never Go Down.—Concluded.



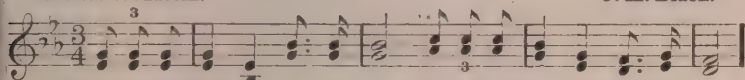
Fa - ther a - bove, Is the light of the sun that shall nev - er go down.



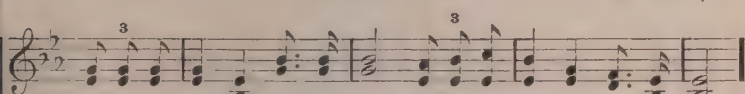
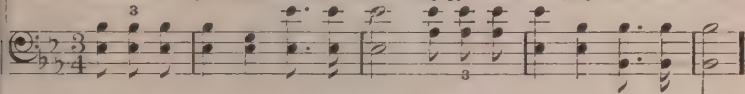
1. I Remember Calvary.

Rev. W. C. Martin.

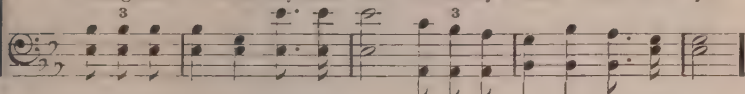
J. M. Black.



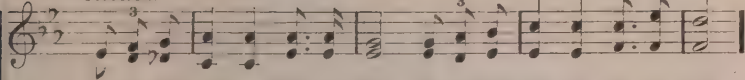
1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
2. O I de-light in His com-mand. Love to be led by His dear hand,
3. On-ward I go, nor doubt, nor fear, Hap-py with Christ, my Sav-iour near,



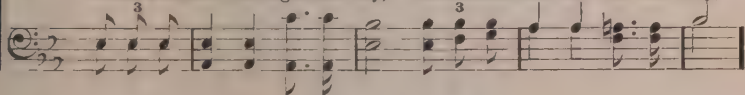
And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal - va - ry.
His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Cal - va - ry.
Trusting that I some day shall see Je-sus my Friend of Cal - va - ry.



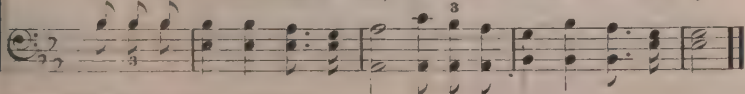
CHORUS.



Je-sus shall lead me night and day, Je-sus shall lead me all the way,



He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry.



Crown the Saviour.

Thomas Kelly.

Rev. Wm. Stone.

With vigor.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the Man of sor-rows now;
 2. Crown the Sav-iour, an-gels, crown Him: Rich the troph-ies Je-sus brings:
 3. Sin-ners in de-ris-ion crown'd Him, Mock-ing thus the Saviour's claim;
 4. Hark, those bursts of ac-cla-ma-tion! Hark, those loud tri-um-phiant chords!

From the fight re-turned vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow:
 In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heav-en rings:
 Saints and an-gels crowd a-round Him, Own His ti-tle, praise His name:
 Je-sus takes the high-est sta-tion: O what joy the sight af-fords!

REFRAIN.

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
 crown Him, crown Him.

Crowns become the Vic-tor's brow.
 Crown the Sav-iour King of kings.
 Spread abroad the Vic-tor's fame.
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Unison.

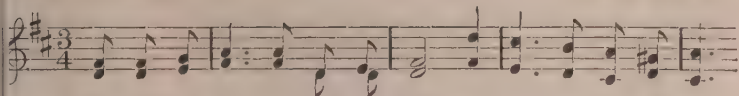
Harmony.

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord... of all.

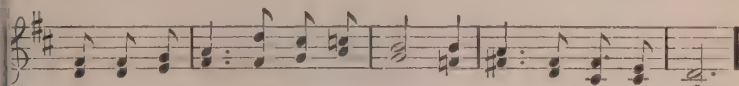
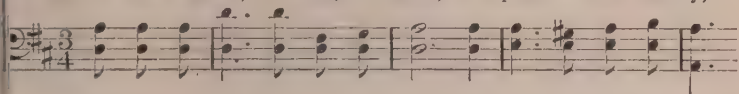
3. It Doth Not Yet Appear.

Rev. Wm. Stone.

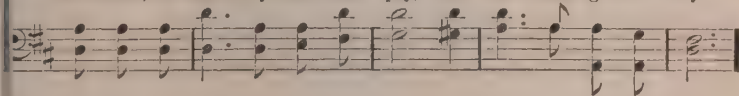
C. Austin Miles.



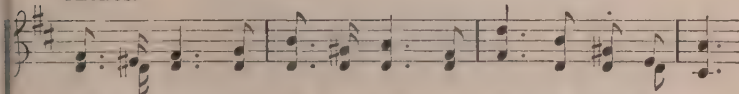
1. All doubt has left my troub-led soul, Sweet peace, now reigns with-in;
2. Is this a fore-taste of that bliss; 'Tis heav'n be-gun be-low,
3. I'll has-ten on to meet Him then; I long to see His face:
4. What will it be to meet Him there, Whos blood hath set me free,
5. O! Sav-iour dear, I come, I come, To spend e-ter-ni-ty;



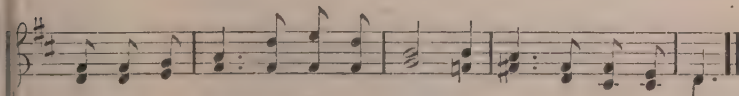
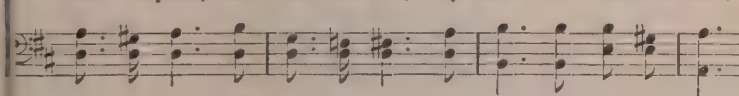
I have no fear, that con-flict's o'er, My heart is cleansed from sin.
O! rapturous joy, that thrills my heart, A Sav-iour thus to know.
To hear Him say, "well done my child, A tri-umph of my grace."
To look up-on those wound-ed hands, He bore on Cal-va-ry.
With Thee, who didst my ran-som pay, In bit-t'rest ag-o-ny.



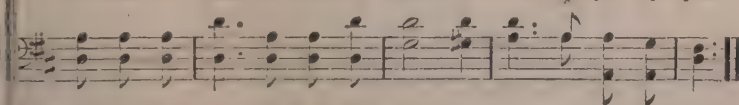
CHORUS.



Bless-ed peace, doth fill me now, My soul is thrilled with cheer;



But what I shall be when He comes It doth not yet ap-pear.



Love Keeps Me Singing.

Ida Scott Taylor.

Adam Geibel.

1. There is glad - ness in my spir - it, there is sun - shine in my soul,
 2. Like the birds that wake the woodlands with their mel - o - dy of song,
 3. If the heart is al - ways hap - py with the love of Christ with-in

For I walk and talk with Je - sus day by day; (day by day;
 Like the streamlet mak - ing mu - sic in its flow, (in its flow,
 Then the face will wreath His prais - es in a smile; (in a smile;

And I love Him, dear - ly love Him, who redeem'd and made me whole
 I will make the world the bright - er as I pass my way a - long
 I will do my du - ty glad - ly in this world of strife and sin,

O 'tis love that keeps me sing - ing on my way. (on my way,
 For 'tis love that keeps me sing - ing as I go. (as I go.)
 And His love will keep me sing - ing all the while. (all the while.

CHORUS.

O 'tis love..... that keeps me sing - - ing, Love of
 O 'tis love that keeps me sing - ing, keeps me sing - ing on my way,

Love Keeps Me Singing.—Concluded.

Jesus, true and strong, Glorifies my sweetest song; O 'tis love..... that
O 'tis love that keeps me singing,

keeps me sing - - ing, Keeps me sing-ing on my way. on my way.

5. The Time/to Pray.

Dr. H. J. Zelle.
UNISON.

HARMONY.

J. Wesley Hughes.
UNISON.

1. Pray, pray, pray at morn, As the shadows flee, Pray, pray, pray at morn,
2. Pray, pray, pray at noon, Wearied with thy load, Pray, pray, pray at noon,
3. Pray, pray, pray at eve, At the set-ting sun, Pray, pray, pray at eve,

HARMONY.

FEMALE VOICES.

As the light we see; With the birds on joy-ful wing. Sing-ing ev-'ry -
Prayer will do thee good; Turn a-side thy Lord to meet, Tho' the time is
When thy work is done; Free-ly then dis-miss thy care, As the hour's de-

ALL. *cres.*

rall.

where,
brief,
part,

To thy Heav'nly Father bring
Lay thy bur-den at His feet,
Close the day with earnest prayer

Thy morn-ing pray'r.
Find sweet re-lief.
And grate-ful heart.

"Lovest Thou Me?"

W. S.

SUITABLE FOR QUARTET.

Rev. Wm. Stone.

1. "Lov - est thou me?" 'Tis the Sav-iour that asks thee; Sin - ner, I
 2. "Lov - est thou me?" 'Tis the Sav-iour would tell thee; Sin - ner, I
 3. "Lov - est thou me?" 'Tis the Sav-iour that greets thee; Sin - ner, I

came that thou mightest love me; Hear Him to-day! Turn not a - way! I
 died that thou mightest love me; Died on the cross, Re-gain thy loss, I'm
 rose that thou mightest love me; Death lost its sting, Our conquer'g King! Thrice

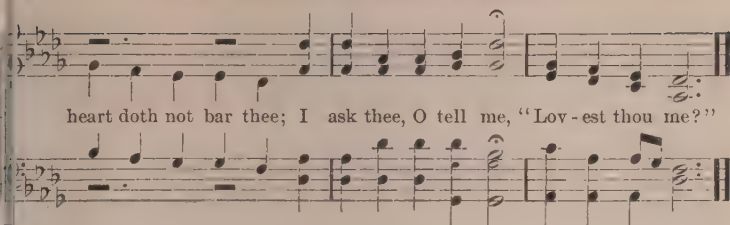
REFRAIN.

ask thee, O tell me, "Lov-est thou me?"
 waiting, O tell me, "Lov-est thou me?" } Thy sins, tho' they mar thee,
 tell me, dear sin-ner, "Lov-est thou me?" }

From my heart doth not bar thee; I love thee! I love thee! Say,

"Lov - est thou me?" Thy sins, tho' they mar thee, From my

"Lovest Thou Me?"—Concluded.

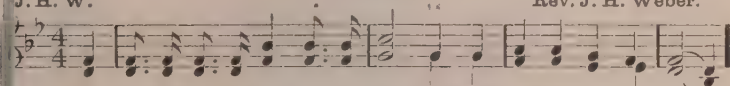


heart doth not bar thee; I ask thee, O tell me, "Lov - est thou me?"

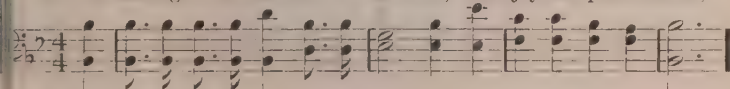
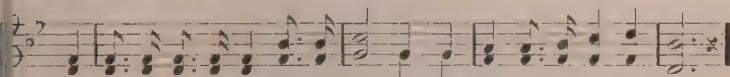
Leaning.

J. H. W.

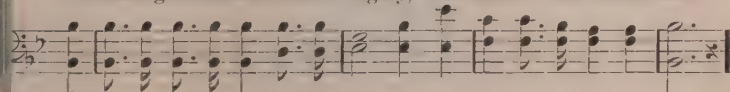
Rev. J. H. Weber.



1. I'm leaning on the arm of the Sav-iour, Who causes me to stand;
2. I'm leaning on the arm of the Sav-iour, He holds me all the way;
3. I'm leaning on the arm of the Sav-iour, What joy and peace is here;

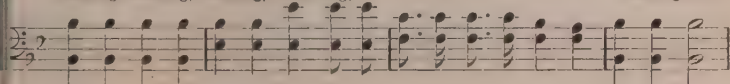
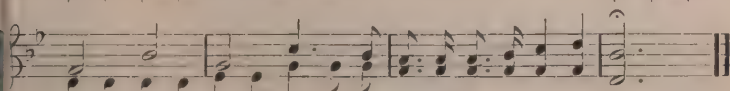
I'm leaning on the arm of His pow - er, To fight in the Saviour's band.
I'm leaning on the arm of His glo - ry, There my feet can nev - er stray.
I'm leaning on the arm that is mighty, And here I can nev - er fear.



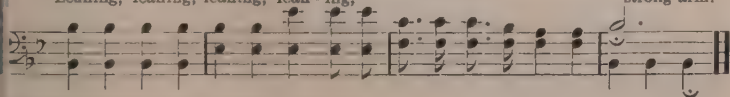
CHORUS.



Lean - ing, lean - ing, I'm leaning on the Saviour's arm;.....
Leaning, leaning, leaning, lean - ing, strong arm;

Lean - ing, lean - ing, I'm leaning on the Saviour's arm.
Leaning, leaning, leaning, lean - ing, strong arm.



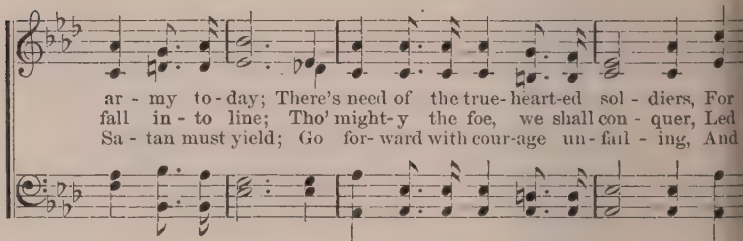
78. The World Must be Taken for Jesus.

Alice Jean Cleator.

R. Frank Lehman.

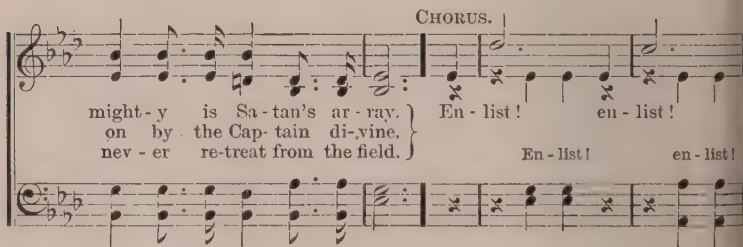


1. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, Come, en - ter His
 2. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, O hast - en and
 3. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, The strongholds of

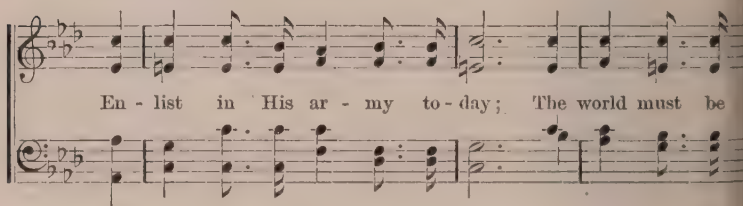


ar - my to - day; There's need of the true-heart-ed sol - diers, For
 fall in - to line; Tho' might-y the foe, we shall con - quer, Led
 Sa - tan must yield; Go for - ward with cour-age un - fail - ing, And

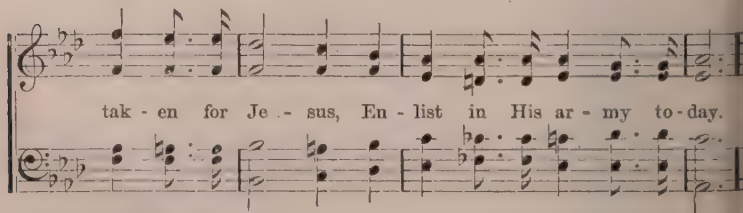
CHORUS.



might-y is Sa-tan's ar-ray. } En - list! en - list!
 on by the Cap-tain di-vine. }
 nev - er re-treat from the field. } En - list! en - list!



En - list in His ar - my to - day; The world must be



tak - en for Je - sus, En - list in His ar - my to-day.

7. I Want Only Thee.

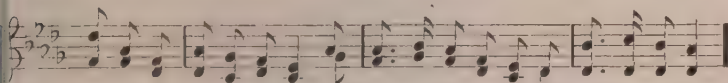
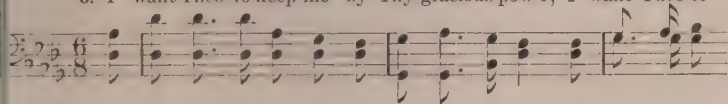
Rev. H. J. Zelle.

EFFECTIVE AS A SOLO.

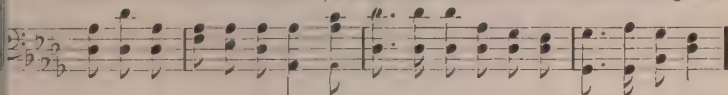
J. Wesley Hughes.



1. I want on - ly Thee, not the pleasures of life; I turn from earth's
2. I want Thy sweet presence, when skies are all clear; I want ev-'ry
3. I want Thee to keep me by Thy gracious pow'r; I want Thee to



treasures, its turmoil and strife; For naught to give comfort in these do I see;
moment to know Thou art near; And when the clouds come, to Thy refuge I'll flee;
comfort in death's solemn hour; I want Thee to lead me a - cross the deep sea;



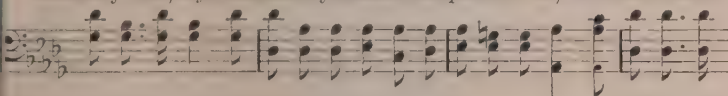
CHORUS.



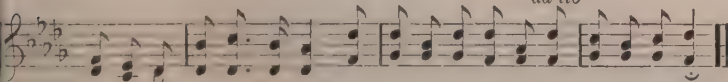
O Je-sus, my Saviour, I want on - ly Thee. I want on - ly Thee, I



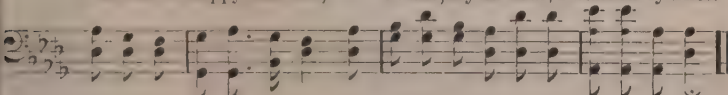
want only Thee, My friend and my constant companion to be; For when Thou art



ad lib



with me I'm happy and free; O Je-sus, my Saviour, I want on - ly Thee.



Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts.

Adam Geibel.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Since I must fight, if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.

On the cross..... of Christ my Sav - - iour.

On the cross of Christ my Sav - iour, on His bless-ed cross,

Where His blood..... was shed for me,.....

Where His pre-cious blood was shed for me, was shed for me,

I will rest..... my sins for - ev - - er,

I will rest my sins for-ev-er there for-ev-er-more,

Am I a Soldier of the Cross?—Concluded.

Par - don gain so full and free. so full and free.

1. Jesus, My Saviour. Spanish Melody.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Harmonized by Florence W. Williams.

1. Je-sus, my Saviour, O, how dear Thou art to me, When I behold Thee
 2. Je-sus, my Saviour, Thou art dear, so dear to me, When Thy grave opens,
 3. Je-sus, my Saviour, Thou will be the first and best, Till cords are broken

On dark Calva-ry; But I find Thee dearer When upon life's dusty road,
 When the shadows flee; But my heart was broken With the love that came to me,
 And I sink to rest; Then, when I behold Thee. When mine eyes Thy face shall see,

CHORUS.

Thou dost say "Come nearer, Cast on me thy load." }
 When the words were spoken, Words that set me free. } Je-sus, my Saviour,
 With Thy love enfold me, All E-ter-ni-ty. }

Wilt Thou tarry by my side, Man of my Counsel, Brother, Friend and Guide.

E. S. L.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. You have heard the mes-sage of peace and love, In your heart is hope
 2. If with love and zeal now your heart is filled; If the Master's voice
 3. Hearts are full of grief in your dai - ly path, Filled with dark despa
 4. O'er the o - cean wide lands in dark-ness lie; Sin and death are bus-

of a home a - bove; Now the Lord is call-ing, Clear His ac - cents
 all your soul has thrilled; If the light is shin-ing, All your life re-
 they a - wait God's wrath; Tell of sins for-giv - en, Cheer with hope of
 y, the mill-ions die; Still the Lord is call-ing, Stern His ac - cents

CHORUS.

fall-ing, Share, glad-ly share your bless-ings.
 fin - ing, Share, glad-ly share your bless-ings.
 heav-en, Share, glad-ly share your bless-ings.
 fall-ing, Share, glad-ly share your bless-ings. } Share your blessings with the

sous of need, Share your blessings, hear the Mas-ter plead, Share your

bless-ings, help with word and deed, Share, glad - ly share your bless - ings.

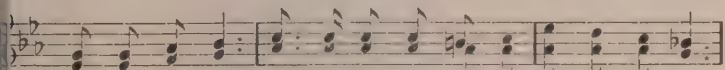
8. Go and Tell Jesus To-day.

H. J. Zelle, D. D.

J. Wesley Hughes.



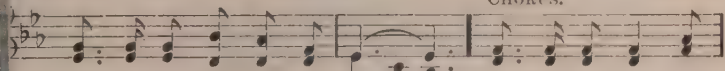
1. Go and tell Je - sus when burdened by sin; Ask Him for pardon, and
2. Go and tell Je - sus when troubled with care; Go when your load seems so
3. Go and tell Je - sus when sor - rows so deep, Trouble in day-light and
4. Go and tell Je - sus what - ev - er your need, He will to ev - 'ry pe -



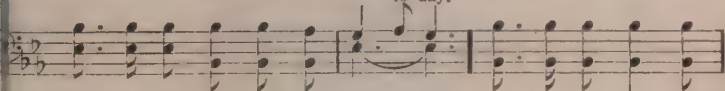
cleansing with - in; Glad - ly He'll aid a new life to be - gin;
 heav - y to bear; Sure - ly He'll hear, and will an - swer your pray'r;
 haunt you in sleep, Sor - rows that cause you to mourn and to weep,
 ti - tion give heed, Prove Him - self ev - er your true friend in - deed,



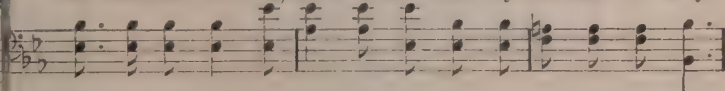
CHORUS.



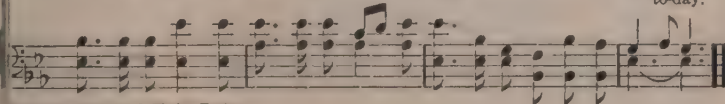
Go and tell Je - sus to - day. Go and tell Je - sus,



Go and tell Je - sus, He will take ev - 'ry bur - den a - way.

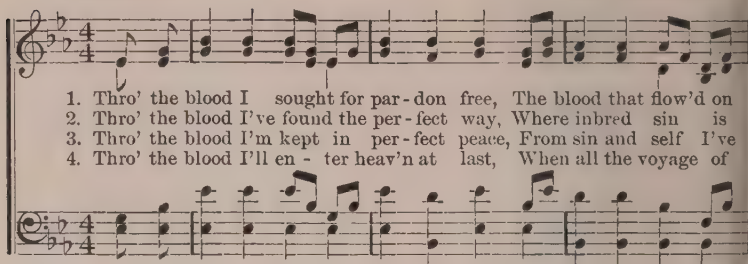


Him you will find so ten - der and kind, Then go and tell Jesus to - day.



H. J. Zellej, D. D.

Rev. Wm. Stone.

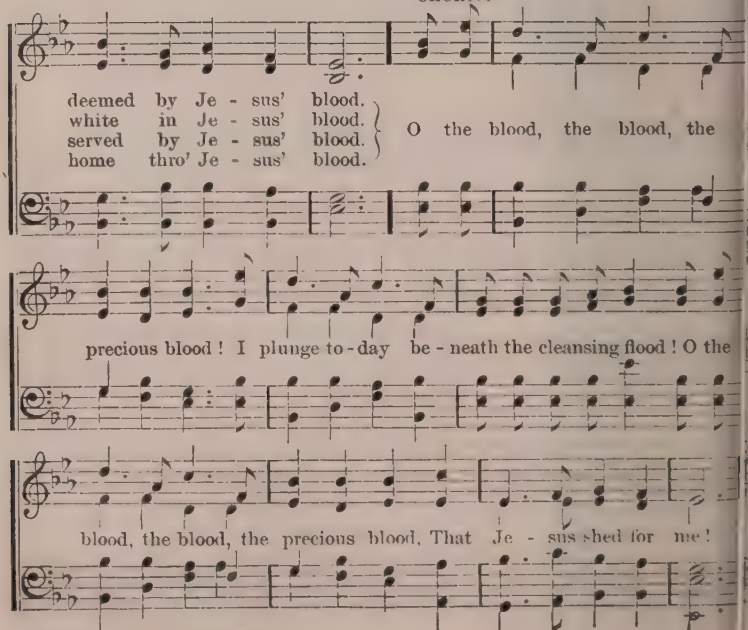


1. Thro' the blood I sought for par-don free, The blood that flow'd on
 2. Thro' the blood I've found the per-fect way, Where inbred sin is
 3. Thro' the blood I'm kept in per-fect peace, From sin and self I've
 4. Thro' the blood I'll en-ter heav'n at last, When all the voyage of



Cal - va - ry, And now I walk in lib - er - ty, Re-
 wash'd a - way, And per - fect love reigns night and day, Wash'd
 found re - lease, His care for me will nev - er cease, Pre-
 life is past; At Je - sus' feet my crown I'll cast, Safe

CHORUS.



deemed by Je - sus' blood.
 white in Je - sus' blood.
 served by Je - sus' blood.
 home thro' Je - sus' blood. } O the blood, the blood, the
 precious blood ! I plunge to-day be - neath the cleansing flood ! O the
 blood, the blood, the precious blood, That Je - sus shed for me !

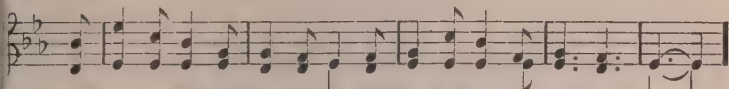
The Anchor of Hope.

William H. Gardner.

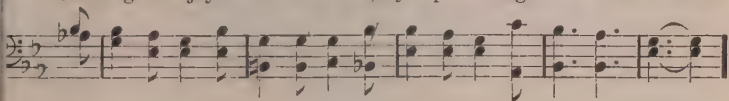
Edwin Moore.



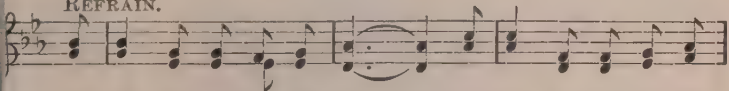
1. When clouds and storms the way make dark, And dangers seem around life's bark,
2. Drift not upon life's rocks and reefs, Drift not amongst its cares and griefs,
3. There is a har - bor up above, Where thro' the Father's wondrous love,



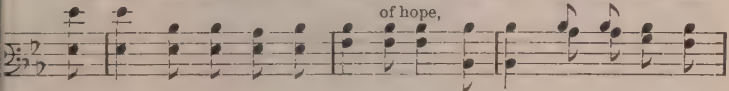
Cast out hope's anchor, with a prayer, And angels will watch o'er you there.
 Cast out hope's anchor, weary one, And endless peace to you will come.
 Our longed-for joys will come at last, By hope's strong anchor e'er made fast.



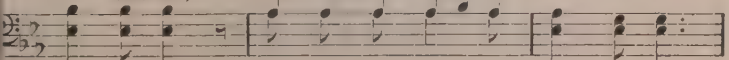
REFRAIN.



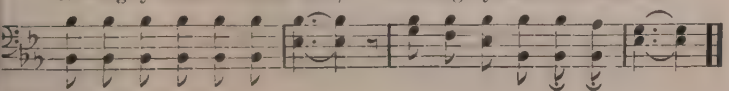
Cast out the anch - or of hope, Fear not the bil - lows that
 of hope,



roll, . . . An - gels a - bove, on wings of love,
 that roll,



Lov-ing-ly watch o'er each soul, Lov-ing-ly watch o'er each soul.



A Time of Refreshing.

E. E. Hewitt.

J. Wesley Hughes.

1. There's a time of re-freshing from the pres-ence of the Lord
 2. There's a time of re-freshing when the Ho-ly Ghost is come,
 3. O the time of re-joic-ing, when we see our Saviour's face,

When the mighty show'rs of blessing rich-ly fall; While our pray'rs are as-
 As He kin-dles in our hearts the fire of love; Then we'll see "Jesus
 And the ful-ness of His glo-ry we a-dore; But we'll tar-ry a

ced-ing, ma-n-y songs in sweet ac-cord, And the wand'ers hear the
 only," lips shall speak that once were dumb, When the Fa-ther shall a-
 lit-tle, in the keep-ing of His grace, Showing forth His bless-ed

CHORUS.

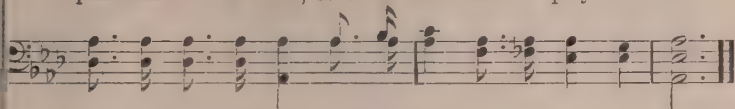
Saviour's lov-ing call.
 noint us from a-bove. } Send it now, Lord, the Pen-te-cost-al blessing
 image more and more.

All to Thee we con-se-crate; Blessed time of refreshing from the

A Time of Refreshing.—Concluded.



pres - ence of the Lord, Send it now while we pray and wait.



7. White to the Harvest.

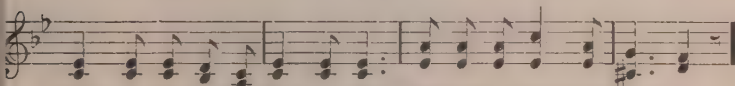
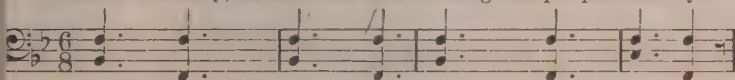
Julia H. Johnston.

B. Frank Lehman.

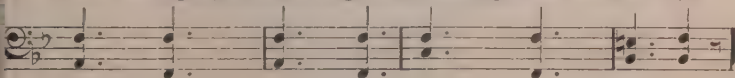
DUET.



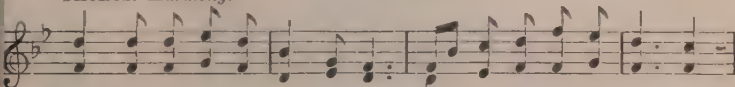
1. White al-read-y, the fields that wait, Why should you tarry lon - ger?
2. White al-read-y, for sun and rain, Giv - en to o - ver-flow - ing,
3. White al-read-y, but where are those Waiting with pur-pose stead - y?



Come, O come for the hours grow late, Ne'er will your arms be stron-ger.
Pour their treasure, and not in vain, See where the grain is grow - ing.
Where the reapers, whose fervor glows, Answering—"we" are read - y?



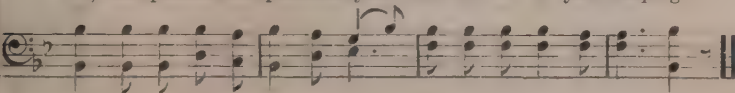
CHORUS. *Harmony.*



White, so white, see the har - vest field, White al-read-y for reap - ing;

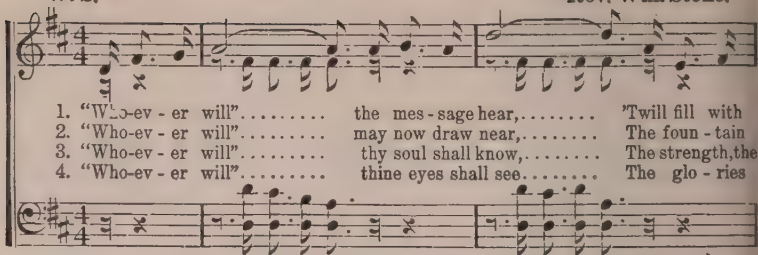


Lo, that precious and plenteous yield Giv - en in - to your keeping.

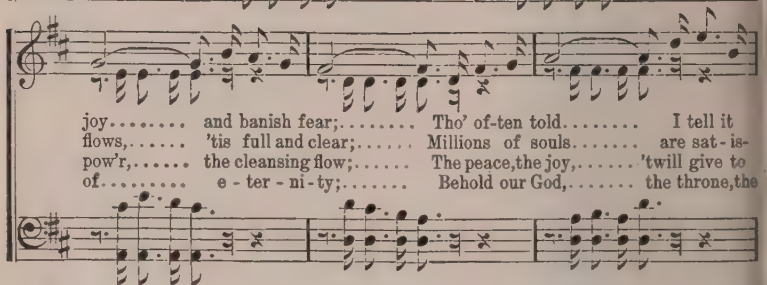


W. S.

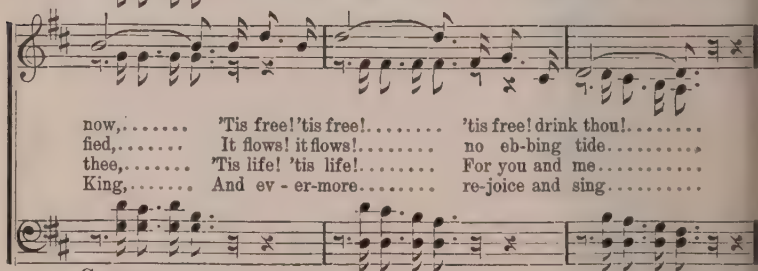
Rev. Wm. Stone.



1. "Who-ev - er will"..... the mes - sage hear,..... 'Twill fill with
 2. "Who-ev - er will"..... may now draw near,..... The foun - tain
 3. "Who-ev - er will"..... thy soul shall know,..... The strength, the
 4. "Who-ev - er will"..... thine eyes shall see,..... The glo - ries

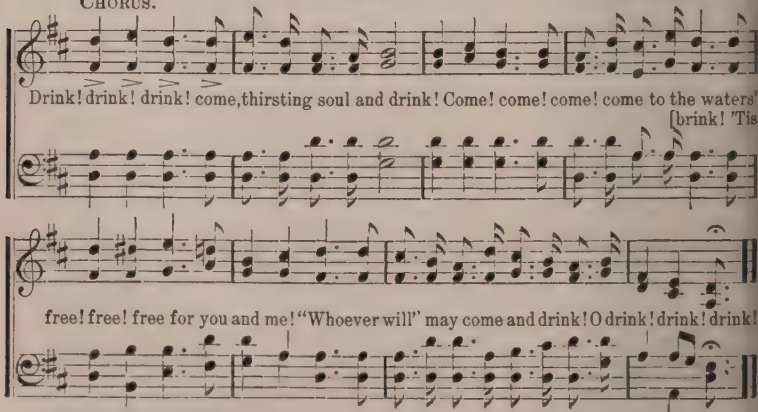


joy..... and banish fear;..... Tho' of-ten told..... I tell it
 flows,..... 'tis full and clear;..... Millions of souls..... are sat-is-
 pow'r,..... the cleansing flow;..... The peace, the joy,..... 'twill give to
 of..... e - ter - ni - ty;..... Behold our God,..... the throne, the



now,..... 'Tis free! 'tis free!..... 'tis free! drink thou!.....
 fied,..... It flows! it flows!..... no eb-bing tide.....
 thee,..... 'Tis life! 'tis life!..... For you and me.....
 King,..... And ev - er-more..... re-joice and sing.....

CHORUS.

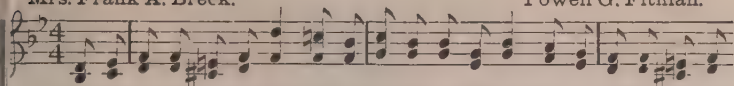


Drink! drink! drink! come, thirsting soul and drink! Come! come! come! come to the waters!
 [brink! 'Tis
 free! free! free for you and me! "Whoever will" may come and drink! O drink! drink! drink!

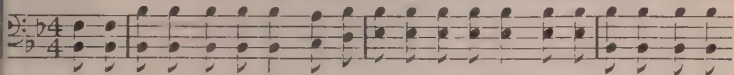
Blessing in Service.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

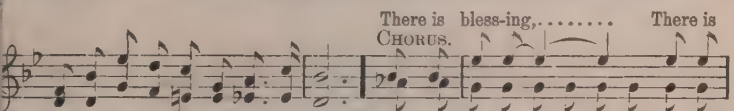
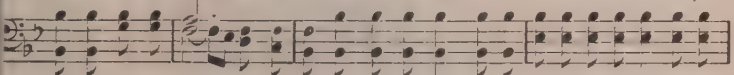
Powell G. Fithian.



1. Come and join the hap-py band, Marching to the promis'd land, Where our Father has His
 2. I - dle not the hours a-way, Haste our Lead-er to o-bey, True and faithful—do a
 3. He has work for you alone, And His grace shall be made known, Giving pow'r to all you



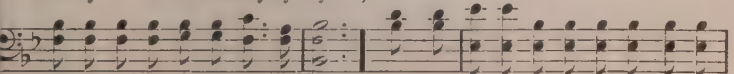
[That they,
 home beyond the sky; 'Neath His banner wide unfurl'd, Come and help Him win the world,
 strong and earnest part; Any kindness you can show, Anywhere He bids you go, Serve Him
 are, or do, or say; There is wonderful reward In the service of the Lord—Then be



There is bless-ing, There is
 CHORUS.

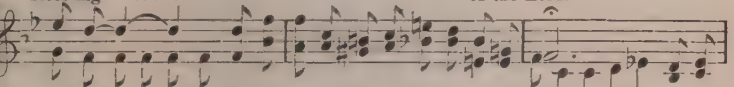
too, may share His glories far on high.
 ev - er with a loy - al, lov-ing heart.
 read - y in His ser-vice day by day.

There is blessing, truest blessing, There is

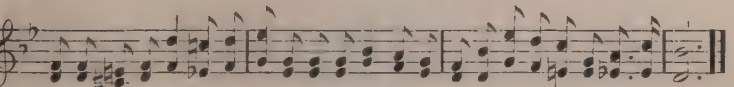
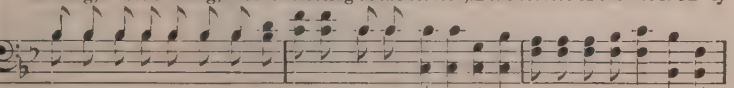


bless-ing,

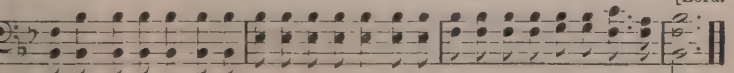
of the Lord.



blessing, truest blessing, There is blessing in the service, in the service of the Lord. On - ly



those who love Him know All the joy He will bestow; Oh, there's blessing in the service of the
 [Lord.



The Desert Shall Rejoice.

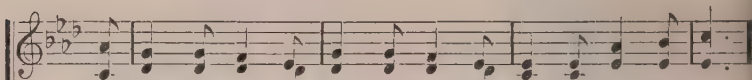
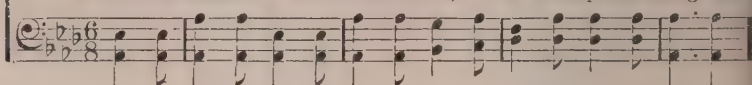
Herschel Lee.

ISAIAH 35:

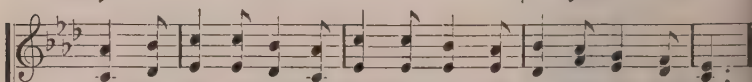
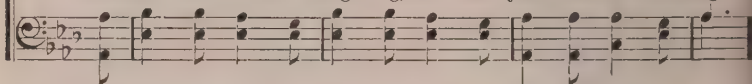
J. Wesley Hughes.



1. There is joy in des - ert pla - ces, Through the blessed gos - pe! light,
2. To the worn and wea - ry trav - 'ler, In the lone and des - ert way; Comes
3. When the ransomed of the Lord shall come, A vast tri-umph - ant throng And



That Je - sus sheds up - on us, From His throne of roy - al might;
 the prom - ise ev - er faith - ful, Thou shalt rest at close of day.
 re - turn to Zi - on sing - ing, We will join the Vict - or's song.



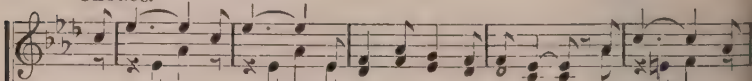
And our wea - ry hearts are glad - dened, No more sor - row, pain or woes;
 There is bless - ed hope in Je - sus, While sal - va - tion's riv - er flows;
 Then life's des - ert will be end - ed By the crys - tal riv - er bright,



For He makes our des - ert life "re - joice, And blos - som as the rose."
 He will make our des - ert life "re - joice, And blos - som as the rose."
 And the rose will bloom for - ev - er there, In Heav - en's ho - ly light.



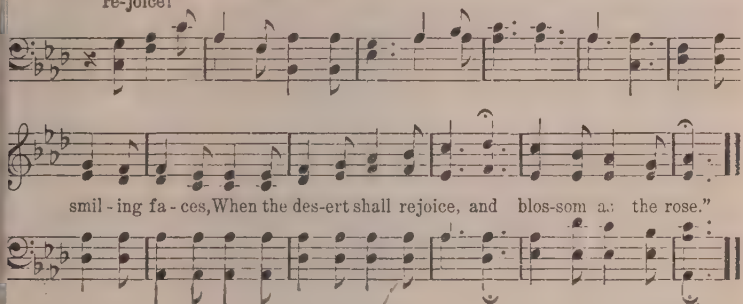
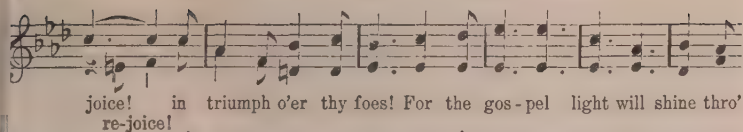
CHORUS.



Re - joice! re - joice! in sol - i - ta - ry pla - ces: Re - joice! re -
 re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!



The Desert shall Rejoice.—Concluded.

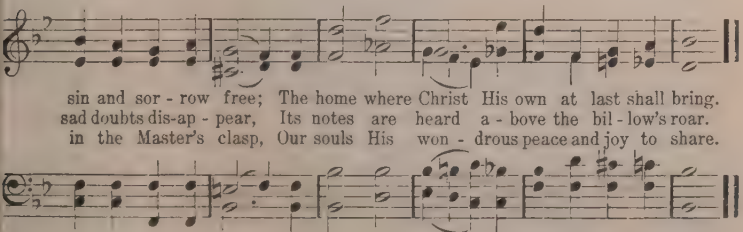
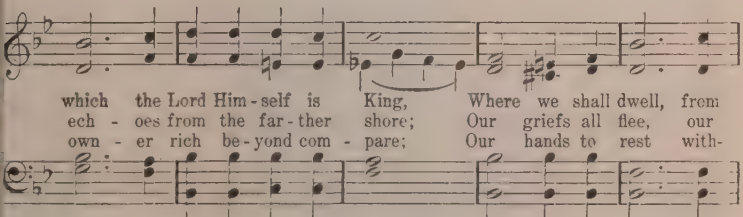
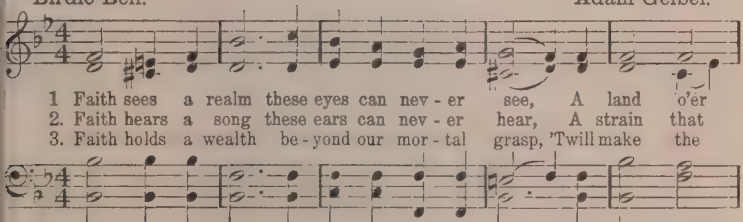


91.

Faith.

Birdie Bell.

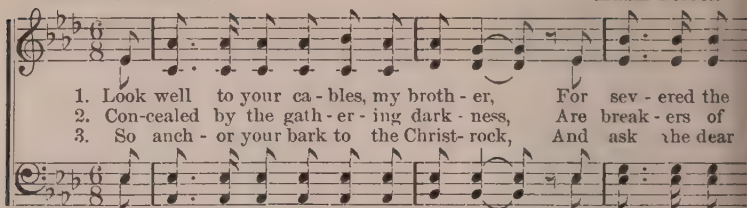
Adam Geibel.



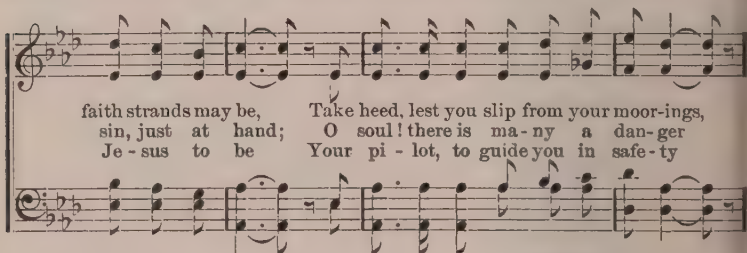
Anchor Your Bark.

Lizzie De Armond.

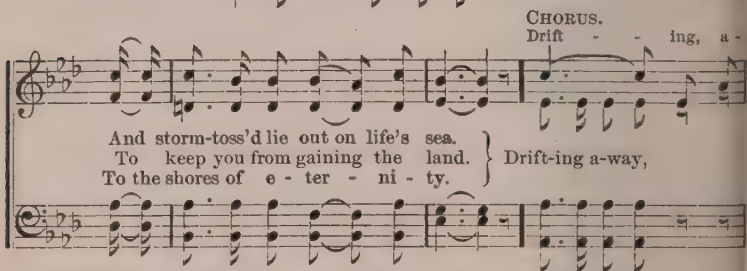
Adam Geibel.



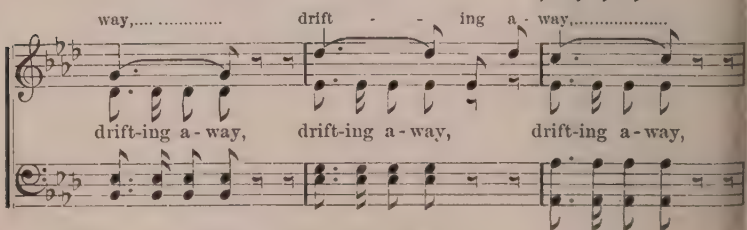
1. Look well to your ca - bles, my broth - er, For sev - ered the
 2. Con - cealed by the gath - er - ing dark - ness, Are break - ers of
 3. So anch - or your bark to the Christ - rock, And ask the dear



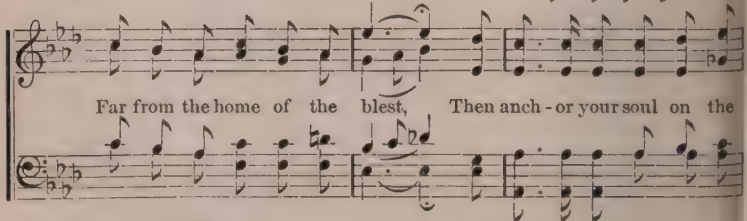
faith strands may be, Take heed, lest you slip from your moor - ings,
 sin, just at hand; O soul! there is ma - ny a dan - ger
 Je - sus to be Your pi - lot, to guide you in safe - ty



CHORUS.
 Drift - - ing, a -
 And storm - toss'd lie out on life's sea.
 To keep you from gaining the land. } Drift - ing a - way,
 To the shores of e - ter - ni - ty.



way, drift - - ing a - way,
 drift - ing a - way, drift - ing a - way, drift - ing a - way,



Far from the home of the blest, Then anch - or your soul on the

Anchor Your Bark.—Concluded.

Christ - rock, For un - der its shad - ow is rest.

3. Adoration of Christ.

W. S.

Rev. Wm. Stone.

1. Rose of Shar-on, wondrous fair, None can with my friend compare,
 2. How He loves me, precious friend, His all earth-ly love transcends,
 3. How I love Him, none can tell, But He knows it, oh! so well,
 4. O, how love-ly! just to know He is with me where I go,

Chief-est of ten thousand He, None so spot-less e'er could be.
 Tho' I'd left Him, dark-est night, Here He sought me, brought the light.
 I shall nev-er from Him part, He shall reign with-in my heart.
 Thus we'll live, my friend and I, Till I meet Him in the sky.

CHORUS.

O, how love-ly! O, how love-ly! Is my Sav-iour, brother, friend.

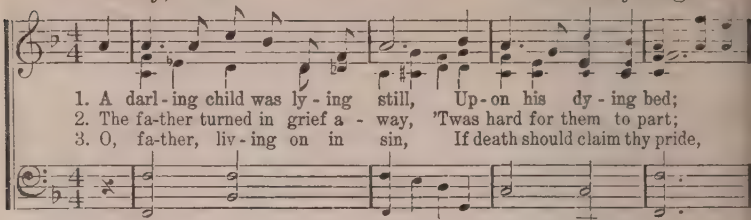
Says He'll ne'er grow tired and leave me, And His love will nev-er end.

94. Papa Don't Know the Way.

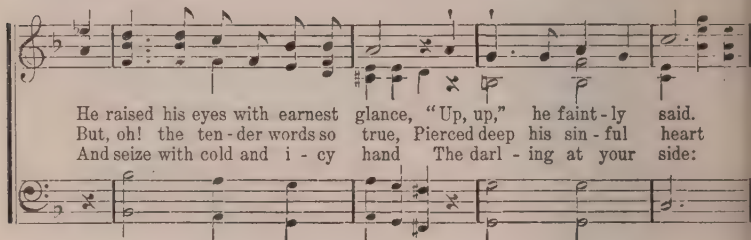
H. J. Zelle, D.D.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

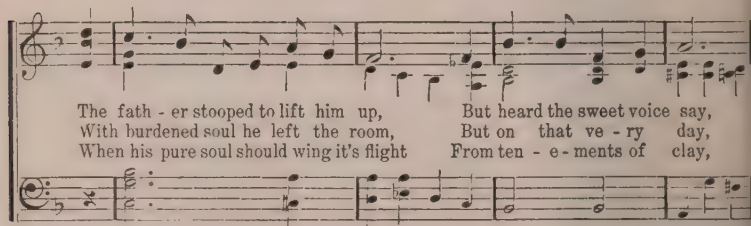
J. Wesley Hughes.



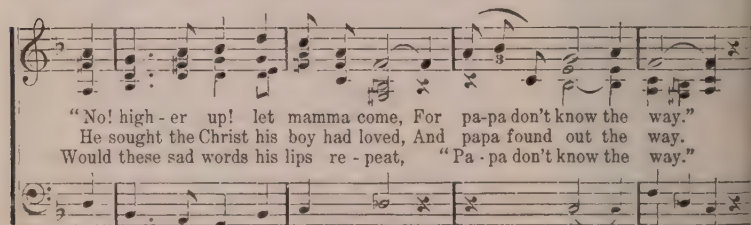
1. A darl-ing child was ly-ing still, Up-on his dy-ing bed;
 2. The fa-ther turned in grief a-way, 'Twas hard for them to part;
 3. O, fa-ther, liv-ing on in sin, If death should claim thy pride,



He raised his eyes with earnest glance, "Up, up," he faint-ly said.
 But, oh! the ten-der words so true, Pierced deep his sin-ful heart
 And seize with cold and i-cy hand The darl-ing at your side:

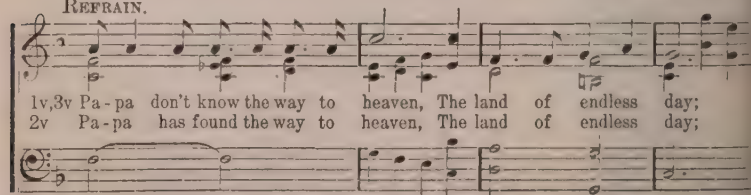


The fath-er stooped to lift him up, But heard the sweet voice say,
 With burdened soul he left the room, But on that ve-ry day,
 When his pure soul should wing it's flight From ten-e-ments of clay,



"No! high-er up! let mamma come, For pa-pa don't know the way."
 He sought the Christ his boy had loved, And papa found out the way.
 Would these sad words his lips re-peat, "Pa-pa don't know the way."

REFRAIN.



1v, 3v Pa-pa don't know the way to heaven, The land of endless day;
 2v Pa-pa has found the way to heaven, The land of endless day;

Papa Don't Know the Way.—Concluded.

Let mamma come, and lift me up, For pa-pa don't know the way.
 Let mamma come, and pa - pa too, For pa-pa has found the way.

15. Jesus Knocks at Thy Door.

W. J. Kennedy.

Adam Geibel.

1. Now Je - sus knocks, O let Him in, He's standing at thy door;
2. Let Je - sus in, there's none but He, Can give thee peace with God;
3. Let Je - sus in, He'll give thee rest, Thou canst not find else - where;
4. Let Je - sus in, He pleads with thee, In low sweet tones of love;

Thy heart He's seek - ing still to win As oft He's done be - fore.
 He died that sin - ners might go free, He paid their debt with blood.
 With sin no long - er be oppress'd, No long - er bur - dens bear.
 Thy dear - est Friend, and Guide He'll be Un - to the home a - bove.

CHORUS.

Let Je - - sus in,

Let Je - sus in, Let Je - sus in, Let Je - sus in, poor soul;

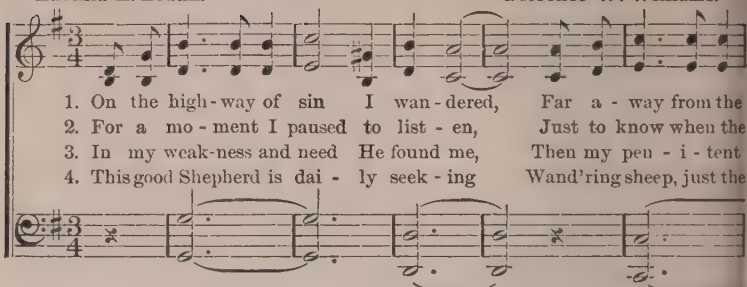
Let Je - sus in, His love a - lone Can make the wound - ed whole.

I Know My Sheep.

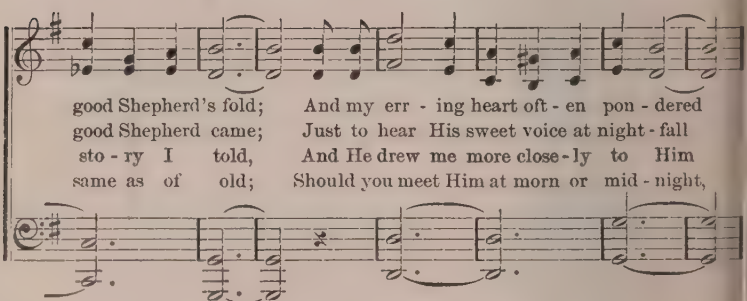
Lavinia E. Brauff.

SOLO OR DUET.

Florence W. Williams.

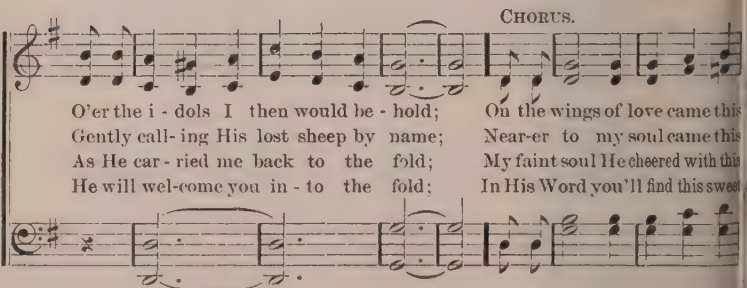


1. On the high-way of sin I wan-dered, Far a-way from the
 2. For a mo-ment I paused to list-en, Just to know when the
 3. In my weak-ness and need He found me, Then my pen-i-tent
 4. This good Shepherd is dai-ly seek-ing Wand'ring sheep, just the

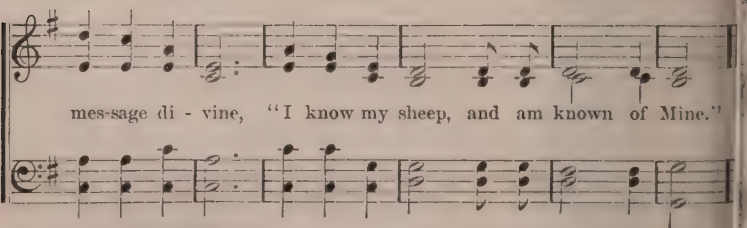


good Shepherd's fold; And my err-ing heart oft-en pon-dered
 good Shepherd came; Just to hear His sweet voice at night-fall
 sto-ry I told, And He drew me more close-ly to Him
 same as of old; Should you meet Him at morn or mid-night,

CHORUS.



O'er the i-dols I then would be-hold; On the wings of love came this
 Gently call-ing His lost sheep by name; Near-er to my soul came this
 As He car-ried me back to the fold; My faint soul He cheered with this
 He will wel-come you in-to the fold; In His Word you'll find this sweet

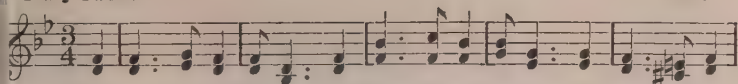


mes-sage di-vine, "I know my sheep, and am known of Mine."

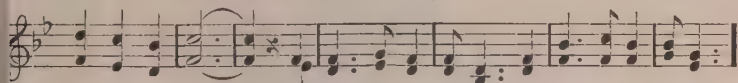
7. The Beautiful City of God.

Mary A. McKee.

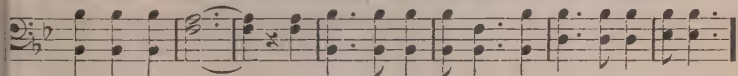
Adam Geibel.



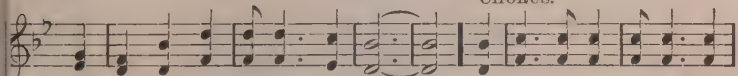
1. With mansions of fair-ness, And beau-ty, and rareness, And streets with a
2. Its riv - ers of gladness Will ban - ish all sadness, And sor - row shall
3. But light will be giv - en, All storm-clouds be riv - en, From o - ver that
4. No sor - row or sigh-ing, Nor an - guish or dy-ing, Can shad - ow the



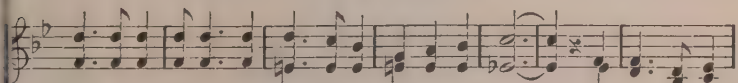
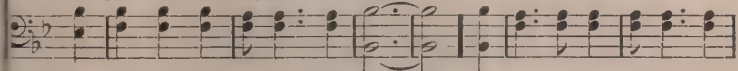
pavement of gold; Where no one grows weary, No prospect is dreary,
van - ish a - way; The moon shall not lighten, The sun shall not brighten,
cit - y of God; We'll view then in wonder, Thro' all that may sunder,
bliss of that home; And pilgrims who rest there, For - ev - er are blest there,



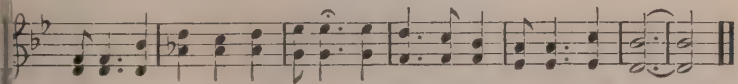
CHORUS.



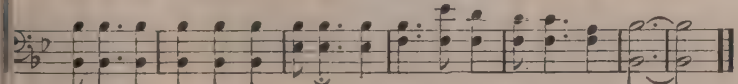
And no one can ev - er grow old.
That cit - y by night or by day. } Oh, there is a cit - y, a
The path that in sor - row we trod.
Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.



beau - ti - ful cit - y, Whose builder and maker is God; A far - a way

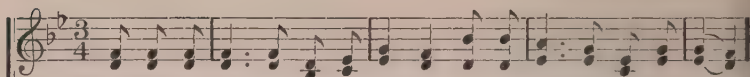


cit - y, A won - der - ful cit - y, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.



W. S.

Rev. Wm. Stone.



1. When I am tried and sore-ly tempted, Je-sus calms my ev-'ry fear;
2. When foes u-nite and dangers threaten, Je-sus calms my ev-'ry fear;
3. When I'm despised, rebuked, forsak-en, Je-sus calms my ev-'ry fear;
4. When in His prom-is-es I'm trusting, Je-sus calms my ev-'ry fear;
5. And when at last I reach death's river, He will calm my ev-'ry fear;



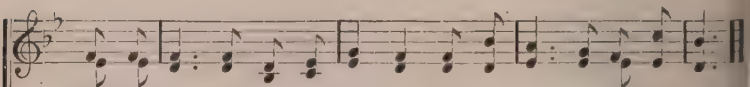
When life's sor-rows sore af-flict me; Then I know my Saviour's near.
 When my heart is heav-y la-den, Then I feel my Saviour's near.
 When I'm weak, and flesh is fail-ing, Then I feel my Saviour's near.
 When my heart is burning, glowing, Then I know my Saviour's near.
 Lead me on to be for-ev-er With Him and the Fa-ther dear.



CHORUS.



O, I need Thee, yes, I need Thee, Ev-'ry day and ev-'ry hour!



Thou art com-fort-ing and bless-ing, Ev-en now I feel Thy pow'r!



In the Throne-Room.

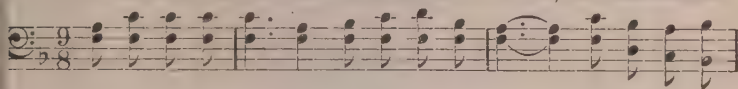
Rev. H. J. Zellej.

Esther 5 : 2.

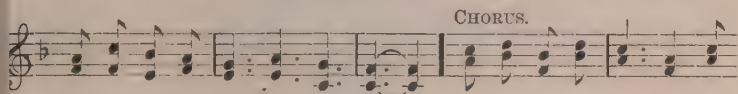
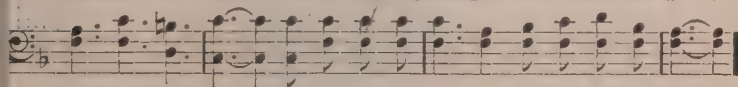
J. Wesley Hughes.



1. I entered the throne-room where Jesus, my Lord, Was waiting the
2. I entered the throne-room when burdened with care; A load I had
3. I entered the throne-room when earth-ties were riven, And darkness had



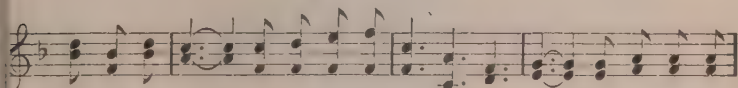
cap-tive to free; He reach'd out His sceptre, He spake the glad word,
 car-ried too long. He reach'd out His sceptre. He answered my pray'r,
 shrouded the day; I touch'd the bright sceptre, and comfort was giv'n;



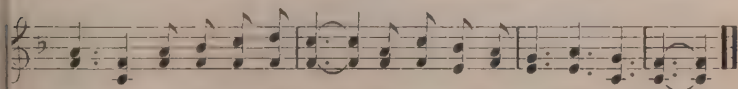
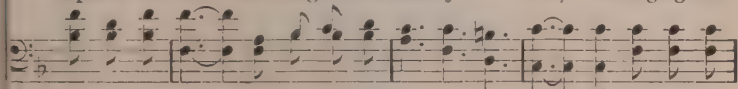
CHORUS.

And cleansing and joy came to me.
 And sent me a - way with a song.
 The shadows were driv-en a - way.

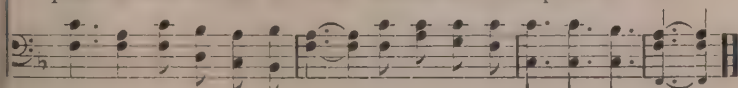
O glo-ry! O glo-ry, what



rapture is mine! The King in His beau-ty I see; I'm singing His



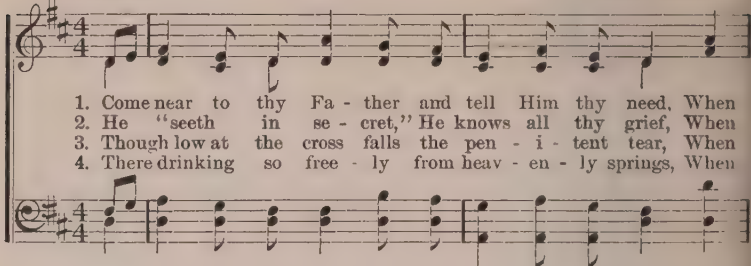
prais-es since Je-sus di-vine Extend-ed His scep-tre to me.



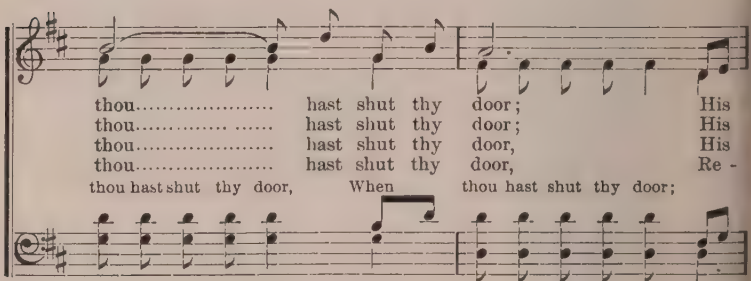
100. When Thou Hast Shut Thy Door.

E. E. Hewitt.

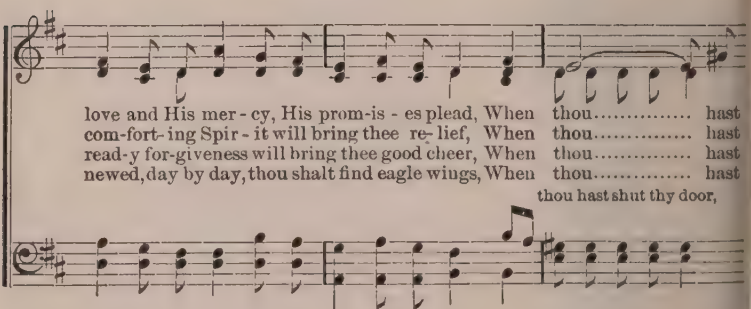
Adam Geibel.



1. Come near to thy Fa - ther and tell Him thy need, When
 2. He "seeth in se - cret," He knows all thy grief, When
 3. Though low at the cross falls the pen - i - tent tear, When
 4. There drinking so free - ly from heav - en - ly springs, When

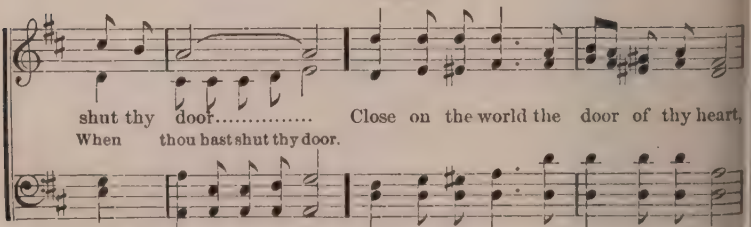


thou..... hast shut thy door; His
 thou..... hast shut thy door; His
 thou..... hast shut thy door; His
 thou..... hast shut thy door, Re -
 thou hast shut thy door, When thou hast shut thy door;



love and His mer - cy, His prom - is - es plead, When thou..... hast
 com - fort - ing Spir - it will bring thee re - lief, When thou..... hast
 read - y for - giveness will bring thee good cheer, When thou..... hast
 newed, day by day, thou shalt find eagle wings, When thou..... hast
 thou hast shut thy door,

CHORUS.

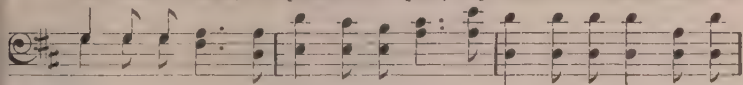


shut thy door..... Close on the world the door of thy heart,
 When thou hast shut thy door.

When Thou Hast Shut Thy Door.—Concluded.



Turn from its cares, its pleasures a-part; Thy Father will bless thee wher-



ev - er thou art, When thou..... hast shut thy door.

thou hast shut thy door, When thou hast shut thy door.



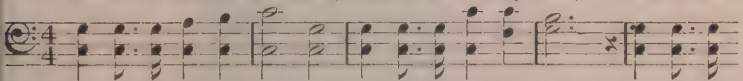
01. Jesus, Only Jesus.

Richard Henry Buck.

Adam Geibel.



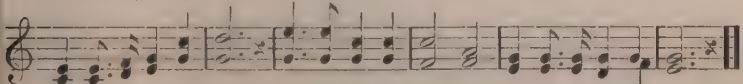
1. Give me no earthly treasures, Glo-ry, or pomp, or pride; On-ly the
2. There is re-lief from sor-row, Nev-er a wish de-nied, On-ly to
3. Wreck'd on the rocks of sadness, Out on the stormy tide; Come to the



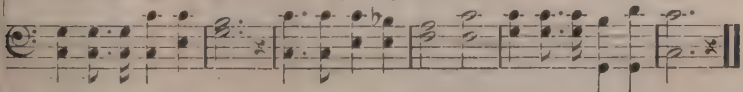
CHORUS.



sim-ple pleasures Found at the Saviour's side. }
 day or mor-row, Joy at my Master's side. } Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus,
 port of gladness, Close by the Saviour's side. }

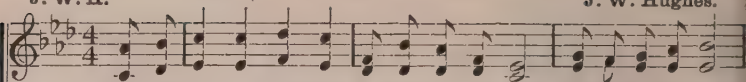


He is enough for me; Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus, un-til e-ter-ni-ty.



J. W. H.

J. W. Hughes.



1. Tho' but two or three are gathered in His name, Je-sus will be there;
2. When the tempter comes to lure us from the way, Je-sus will be there;
3. When the tempest gathers, and the waves roll high, Je-sus will be there;
4. When we reach our home beyond the crys-tal tide, Je-sus will be there;



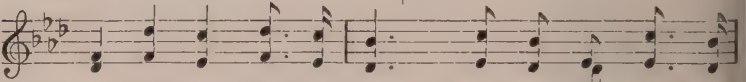
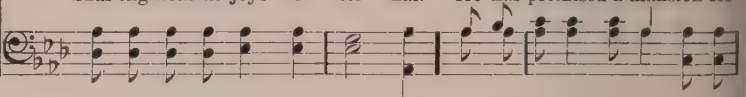
Je-sus will be there. And His promised blessing ev-'ry soul may claim;
 Je-sus will be there. If we trust His grace, we'll never, nev-er stray;
 Je-sus will be there. When the clouds hang darkest in the western sky,
 Je-sus will be there. He will bid us wel-come, seat us at His side,



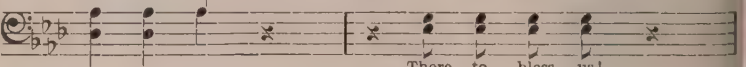
CHORUS.



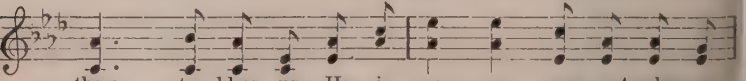
Je-sus will be there to	bless us.	<i>1st, 2d and 3d time.</i> He has promised to send us the <i>4th time.</i> He has promised a mansion for
Je-sus will be there to	help us.	
Je-sus will be there to	guide us.	
Shar-ing with us joys e-ter-nal.		



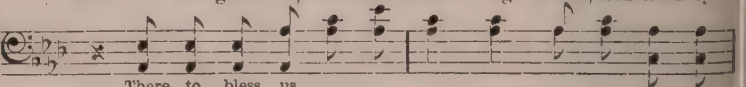
Ho-ly Ghost: He'll be there to bless us! He'll be
 you and me; He'll be there to meet us! He'll be



There to bless us!

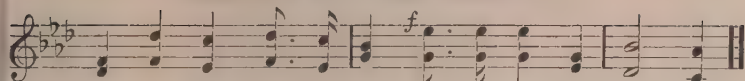


there to bless us, He is ev-er pres-ent when we
 there to greet us, When the morn-ing dawns, and earth-ly

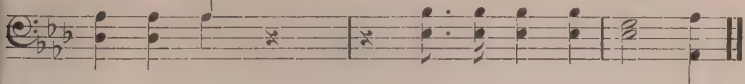


There to bless us,

Jesus Will Be There—Concluded.



need Him most; He'll be there, He'll be there to bless us.
shad-ows flee, He'll be there, He'll be there to meet us.

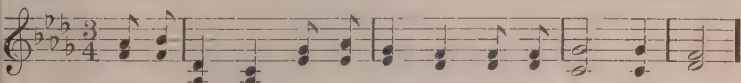


03. What I Would Like to Be.

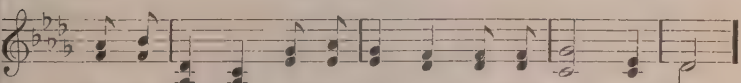
The prayer of Miss Francis Willard. Dedicated to the W. C. T. U.

Rev. H. J. Zelle.

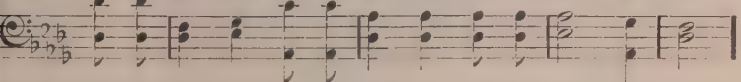
Rev. Wm. Stone.



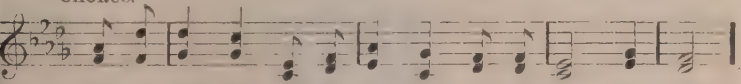
1. Gracious Lord, I need Thy pres-ence, At Thy feet I bow;
2. Long I've sought the Spir-it's full-ness, But my faith was weak;
3. Help me reach the goal be-fore me, As I strive and pray;



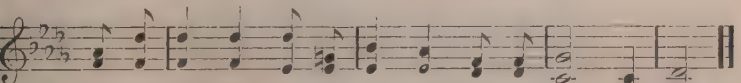
Hear the prayer I humbly of-fer, Hear and an-swer now.
Now I come with humble bold-ness, An-swer while I speak.
Help me press with ho-ly pur-pose, Up the heav'n-ly way.



CHORUS.



Hear me, Lord, and quick-ly an-swer, As I cling to thee;



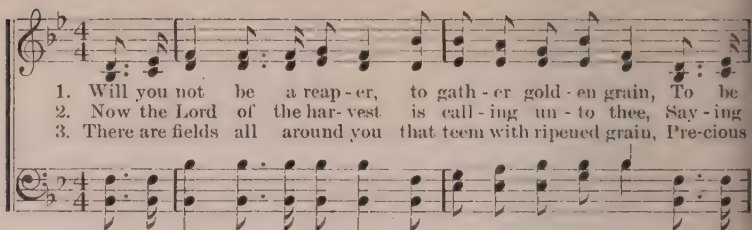
Make me what, in my best mo-ments, I would like to be.



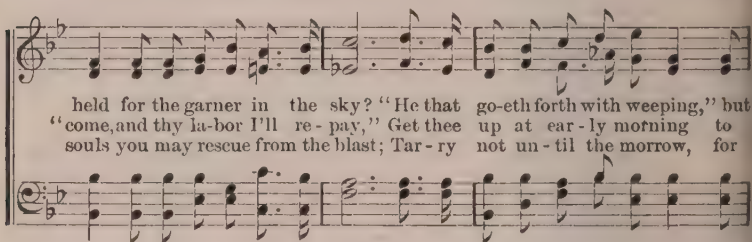
Will You Not Be a Reaper?

J. W. H.

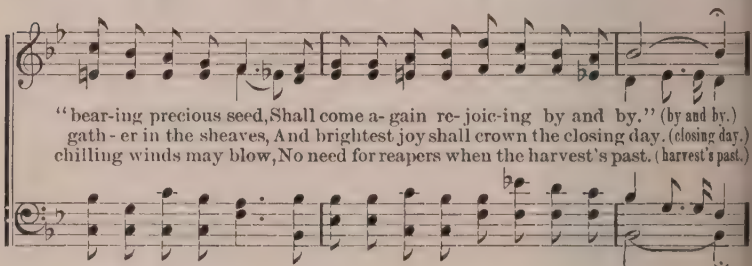
J. Wesley Hughes.



1. Will you not be a reap-er, to gath-er gold-en grain, To be
 2. Now the Lord of the har-vest is call-ing un-to thee, Say-ing
 3. There are fields all around you that teem with ripe-ened grain, Pre-cious

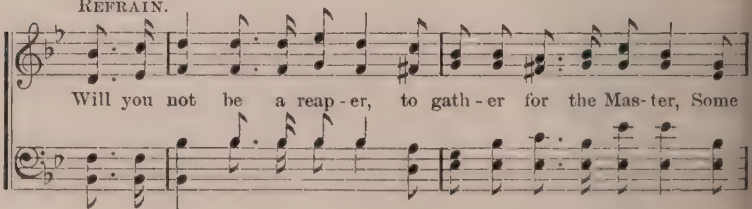


held for the garner in the sky? "He that go-eth forth with weeping," but
 "come, and thy la-bor I'll re-pay," Get thee up at ear-ly morning to
 souls you may rescue from the blast; Tar-ry not un-til the morrow, for

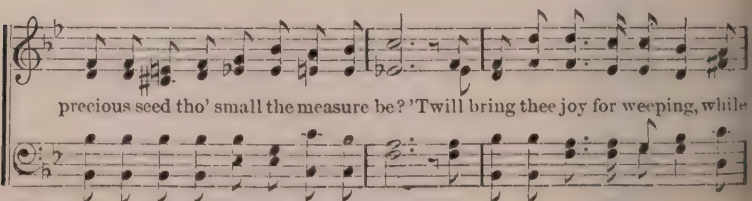


"bear-ing precious seed, Shall come a-gain re-joic-ing by and by." (by and by.)
 gath-er in the sheaves, And brightest joy shall crown the closing day. (closing day.)
 chilling winds may blow, No need for reapers when the harvest's past. (harvest's past.)

REFRAIN.

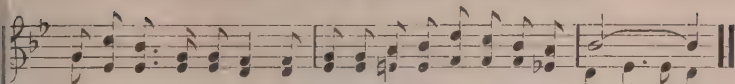


Will you not be a reap-er, to gath-er for the Mas-ter, Some

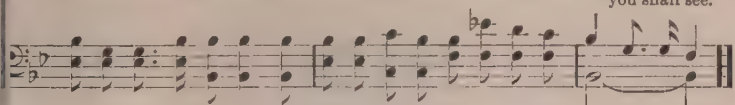


precious seed tho' small the measure be? 'Twill bring thee joy for weeping, while

Will You Not Be a Reaper?—Concluded.



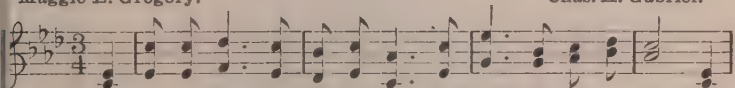
in the Saviour's keeping; And soon the golden harvest you shall see.
you shall see.



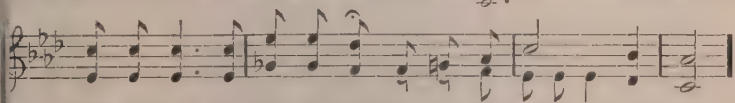
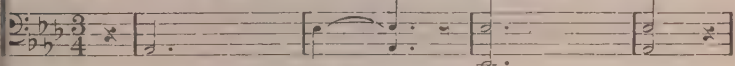
5. By Faith,—Not by Sight.

Maggie E. Gregory.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I may not see the path I tread, Nor would I, if I might; I'd
2. I know not what the fu-ture holds; It may be grief and care; It
3. I know not what the morrow hides Be-hind its mis-ty veil, But
4. So I will trust Him, tho' my path With pain and care is rife; For



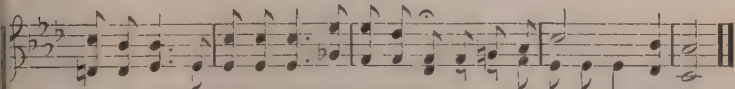
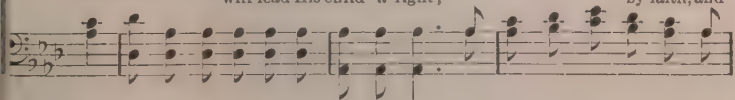
rather live a life of faith, Than trust my own dim sight.
may be peace and hap-pi-ness And joy of an-swered pray'r.
God has promised strength; and when Did'e'er His prom-ise fail.
at its end He'll give to me The prize of end-less life.
1. Than trust my own dim sight.



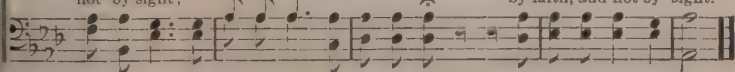
CHORUS.



My Father's hand will lead a-right; I'll fol-low Him by
will lead His child a-right; by faith, and

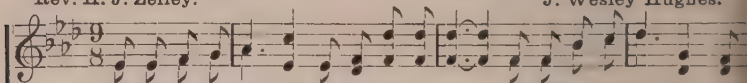


faith, not sight; I'll follow Him, I'll follow Him by faith, and not by sight.
not by sight; by faith, and not by sight.

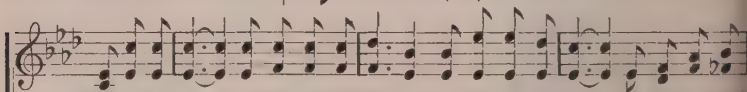
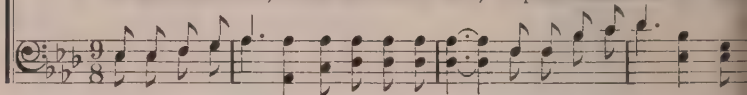


Rev. H. J. Zelle.

J. Wesley Hughes.



1. The Master is call - ing for workers to - day, O quick - ly a - rise, to the
2. You scatter the lit - tle, but God sees it there; He sendeth the sun - shine, the
3. And so let it be as we toil for the Lord, We'll plant the good seed of His
4. The field is the world, and the seed time is here, Go plant truth divine in the

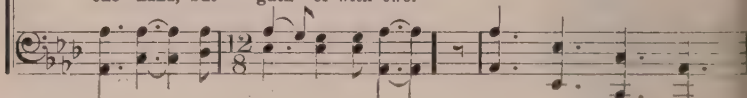


fields haste a-way; And this will sus - tain as your toil you pur - sue, You scatter with
rain and the air; 'Twill ev - er be thus for His promise is true; You scatter with
own blessed word; Our hearts will rejoice as the harvest we view; We'll scatter with
souls far and near; In serving the Lord there are blessings e'er new, You scatter with

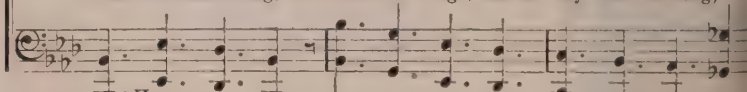


one hand, but gath - er with two.
one hand, but gath - er with two.
one hand, and gath - er with two.
one hand, but gath - er with two.

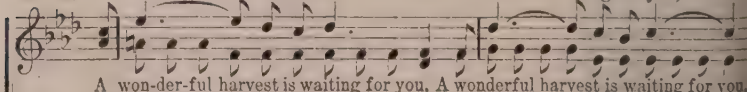
Then sow the seed with a



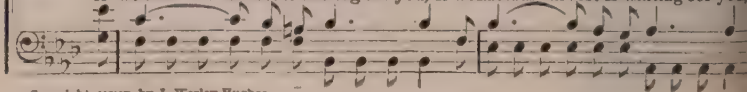
heart brave and strong, Tho' fields be rough, and the day dark and long;



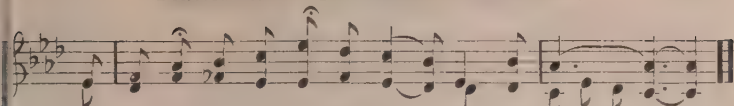
A won - der - ful har - vest is wait - ing for you, . . .



A won - der - ful harvest is waiting for you, A wonderful harvest is waiting for you,



Scatter With One Hand.—Concluded.



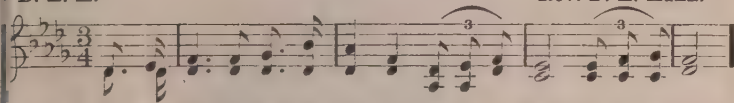
Who scat-ter with one hand, but gath - er with two.....
yes, gath-er with two.



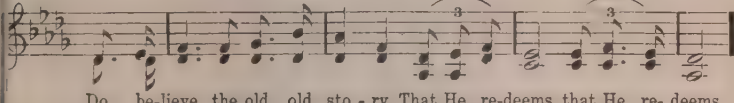
107. Only Believe.

D. E. H.

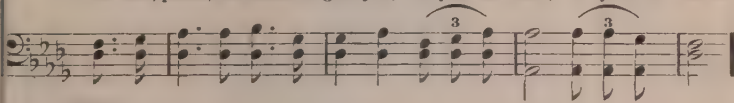
Rev. D. E. Hahn.



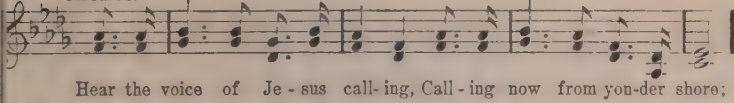
1. Je - sus left His home in glo - ry, You to re - deem, you to re-deem;
2. Ma - ny have be-lieved the sto - ry; Do you be - lieve? do you be-lieve?
3. O then come, O come to Je - sus; He will re - ceive, He will re - ceive;



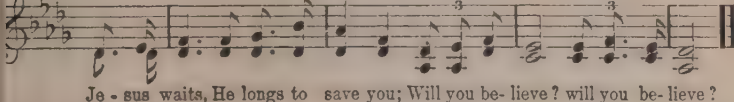
Do be-lieve the old, old sto - ry That He re-deems, that He re-deems.
They are now with Christ in glo - ry, O then be - lieve, O then be - lieve.
Par-don, peace, He waits to give you, If you be - lieve, If you be - lieve.



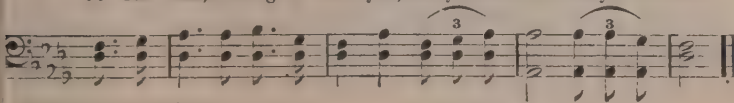
CHORUS.



Hear the voice of Je - sus call-ing, Call-ing now from yon-der shore;

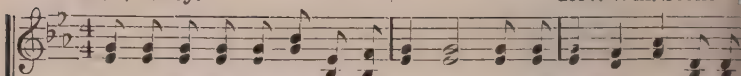


Je - sus waits, He longs to save you; Will you be - lieve? will you be - lieve?

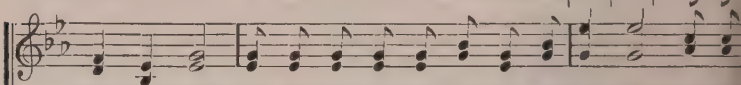
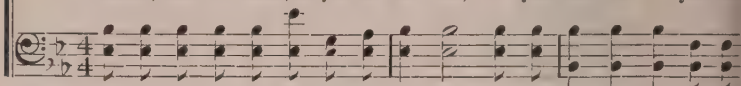


Dr. H. J. Zellej.

Rev. Wm. Stone.



1. "Five of them were wise and five were fool - ish," Of the vir - gins ten who as -
2. Five of them had oil and five were care-less, For the need-ed oil they had
3. Five of them were read-y, five were tar - dy, For the Bridegroom came in the
4. Five of them were shouting, five were wail - ing, For the door was shut when the
5. Brother, when He comes, will you be fool - ish, If you'd en - ter in you m



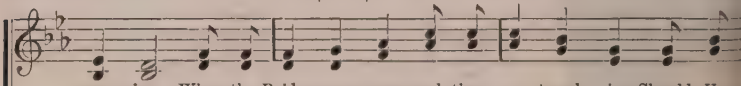
sem - bled there. "Five of them were wise and five were fool - ish" When the
 failed to bring. Tho' they trimm'd their lamps when call'd to has - ten They wer
 mid - night gloom; Five of them were wel-com'd, five were ban-ished, In the
 Bride-groom came; Five of them were glad and now are sing - ing, Five of
 for - sake sin; Broth-er, he is com - ing, don't be sleep - ing, Oh! be



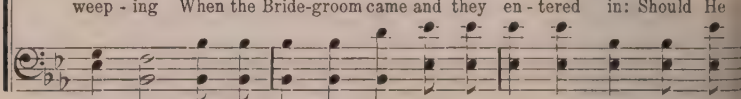
CHORUS.



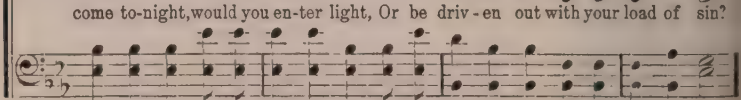
sum - mons came for the feast pre - pare. }
 not pre - pared for to meet their King. }
 dark - ness deep met their sol - emn doom. } Some were shout-ing, some were
 them must dwell in e - ter - nal flame. }
 wise - pre - pare, we shall en - ter in. }



weep - ing When the Bride-groom came and they en - tered in: Should He



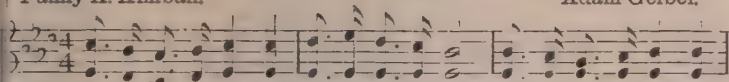
come to-night, would you en - ter light, Or be driv - en out with your load of sin?



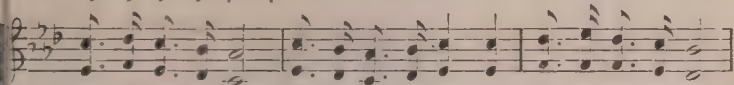
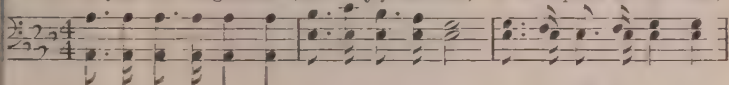
Try to Carry Sunshine.

Fanny A. Kimball.

Adam Geibel.



1. Try to car - ry sun-shine Ev - 'ry-where you go; Try to bright-en, some way,
2. Try to be a sun-beam Shin-ing for the Lord, Liv - ing in His pres-ence.
3. If you walk with Je-sus, Joy - ful-ly each day, Try - ing to tell oth - ers
4. If your life is glad-some, Full of joy and love, It will point to Je - sus,

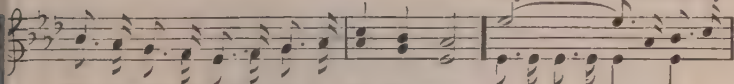


Lives of those you know. If the day be drear - y, And the way seem long,
 Feed - ing on His word. Storms may o - ver-take you, Fear - ful in their might;
 Of the bless - ed way. Nev - er fear temp-tation, He'll not let you fall;
 And the life a - bove. If you are but faith - ful, Thro' life's lit - tle day,



CHORUS.

Try..... to car-ry



Try to make it brighter By a bit of song.
 Trust to Je - sus' guiding, For with Him 'tis light.
 Christ, the Lord, is near you When you on Him call.
 You may show to oth - ers God's ap-point-ed way.

Try to car-ry sun - shine

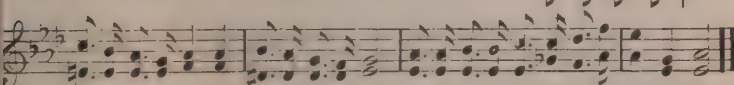
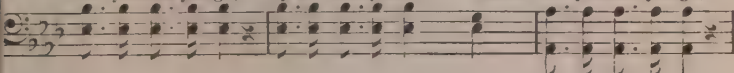


sun - shine

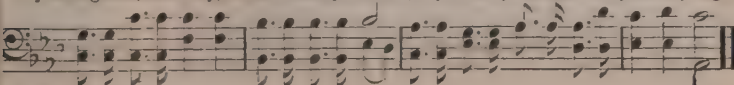
Ev - - - 'ry-where you go;



Ev-'ry-where you go; Try to car-ry sun - shine Ev-'ry-where you go;



Try to brighten, some way, Lives of those you know; Try to carry sunshine Ev'rywhere you go.



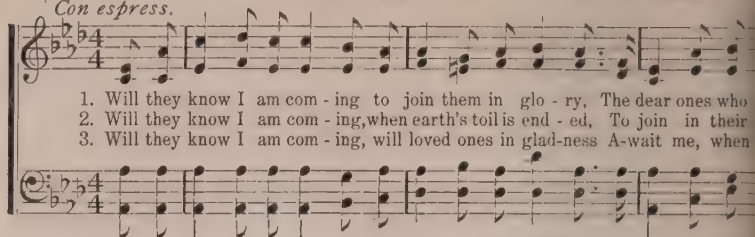
110. Will They Know I Am Coming?

E. E. Hewitt.

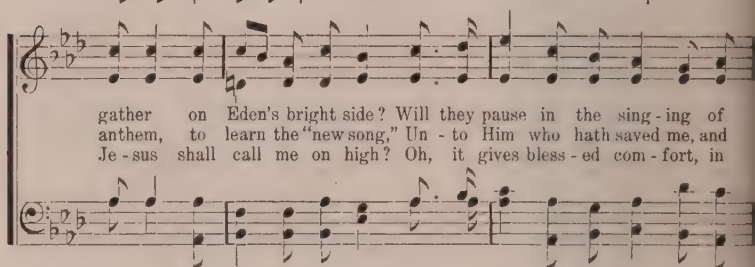
May be sung as a Solo.

J. Wesley Hughes.

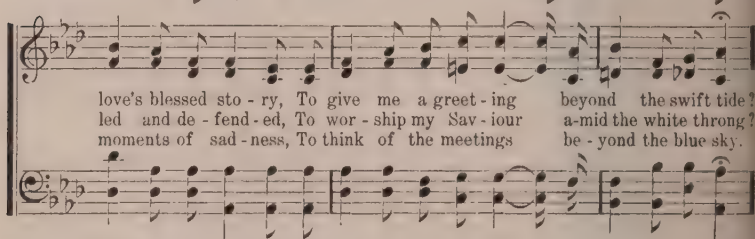
Con espress.



1. Will they know I am com - ing to join them in glo - ry, The dear ones who
2. Will they know I am com - ing, when earth's toil is end - ed, To join in their
3. Will they know I am com - ing, will loved ones in glad-ness A-wait me, when

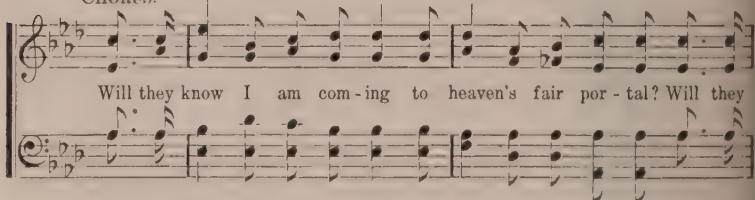


gather on Eden's bright side? Will they pause in the sing - ing of
anthem, to learn the "new song," Un - to Him who hath saved me, and
Je - sus shall call me on high? Oh, it gives bless - ed com - fort, in

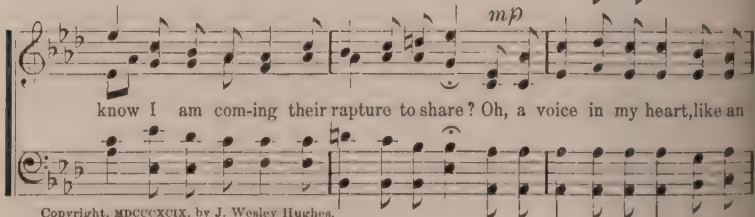


love's blessed sto - ry, To give me a greet - ing beyond the swift tide?
led and de - fend - ed, To wor - ship my Sav - iour a-mid the white throng?
moments of sad - ness, To think of the meetings be - yond the blue sky.

CHORUS.



Will they know I am com - ing to heaven's fair por - tal? Will they



know I am com - ing their rapture to share? Oh, a voice in my heart, like an

Will They Know I Am Coming.—Concluded.

Tempo ad lib. p

ech - o im - mor - tal, Is whis - per - ing soft - ly, "they'll welcome me there."

11.

Others.

In the International Sunday School Evangel, by per.

C. D. Meigs.

Florence W. Williams.

1. Lord, help me live from day to day In such a self - for - get - ful way
2. Help me in all the work I do To ev - er be sin - cere and true,
3. Let "Self" be cru - ci - fied and slain, And bur - ied deep; and all in vain,
4. And when my work on earth is done, And my new work in heav'n's be - gun,

That e - ven when I kneel to pray, My prayer shall be for - OTHERS.
 And know that all I'd do for you Must needs be done for - OTHERS.
 May ef - ferts be to rise a - gain, Un - less to live for OTHERS.
 May I for - get the crown I've won, While think - ing still of OTHERS.

CHORUS.

Oth - ers, Lord, yes, oth - ers, And none of "Self" for me,

Help me to live for oth - ers, That I may live like Thee.

112.

Happy Day.

P. Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault.

8: CHORUS.

1. { O happy day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } Happy

FINE. D. S.
 day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away. { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
 And live re-joice-ing ev'ry day. }

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

113.

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

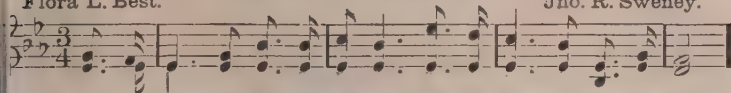
CHORUS.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Re - vive us a - gain.

- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

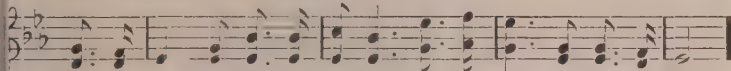
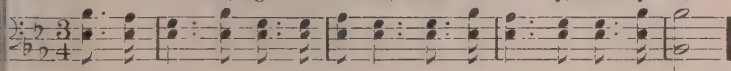
14. Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.

Flora L. Best.

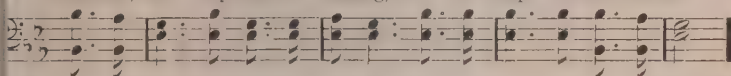
Jno. R. Sweney.



1. To Thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging, All my re - fuge and my plea;
2. Long my heart hath heard Thee calling, But I thrust a - side Thy grace;
3. Love e - ter - nal, light e - ter - nal, Close me safe - ly, sweet - ly in;



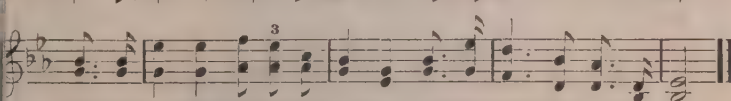
Matchless is Thy lov - ing - kindness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
Yet, O bound - less con - de - scen - sion, Love is shin - ing from Thy face.
Sav - iour, let Thy balm of heal - ing, Ev - er keep me free from sin.



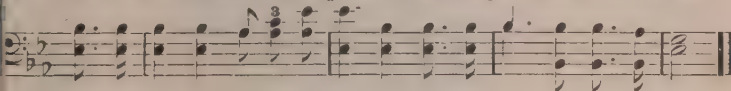
CHORUS.



Oh, 'tis glo - ry! oh, 'tis glo - ry! Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul,



For I've touch'd the hem of His garment, And His pow'r doth make me whole.



15. Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

1 Come, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

3 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

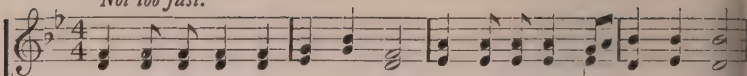
5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,—
Prone to leave the God I love,—
Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

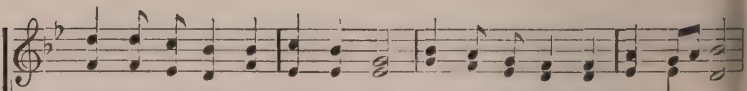
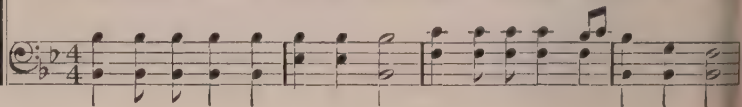
Robert Robinson.

J. Borthwick.

John.

Not too fast.

1. God call-ing yet! Shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! Shall I not rise? Can I his lov - ing voice des - pise,
3. God call-ing yet! And shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
4. God call-ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with - out de - lay;



Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?
 And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
 I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
 Vain world, farewell! From thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.



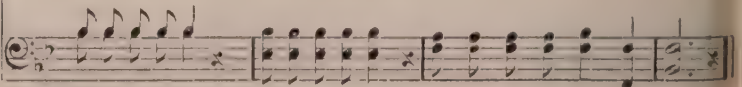
CHORUS.



God is call - ing, call - ing yet,
 God is calling yet, God is calling yet, Heed His pleading voice, God is calling yet,



God is call - ing, Sin - ner, heed His pleading voice.
 God is calling yet, God is calling yet,

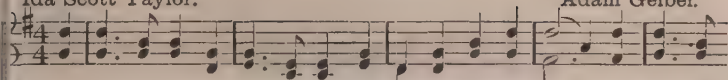


19.

Like Jesus.

Ida Scott Taylor.

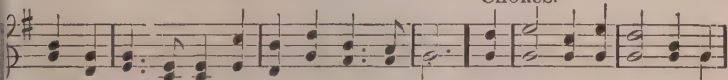
Adam Geibel.



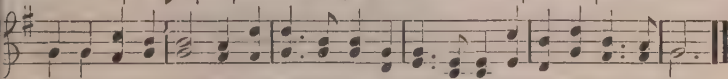
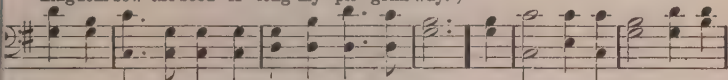
1. In truth and grace I want to grow Like Je-sus, day by day; And scat-ter
 2. I want to live a life of love Like Je-sus, day by day; And point some
 3. I want to do some kind-ly deed Like Je-sus, day by day; And for His



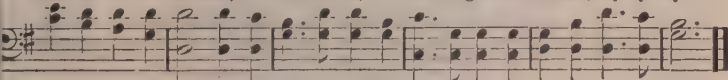
CHORUS.



sunshine where I go, A-long my pil-grim way. }
 soul to heav'n above, A-long my pil-grim way. } Like Je-sus, like Je-sus, I
 kingdom sow the seed A-long my pil-grim way. }



want to be like Je-sus; I love Him so, I want to grow like Jesus, day by day.



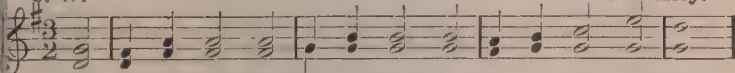
Copyright, MCMII, by Geibel & Lehman.

120.

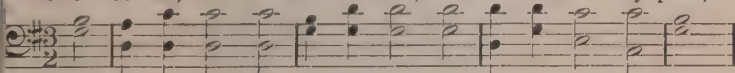
I Stretch My Hands to Thee.

C. W.

Charles Wesley.

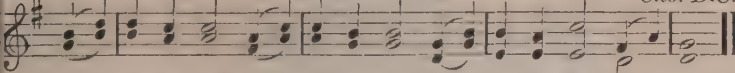


1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth-er help I know;
 2. What did Thine on-ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath;
 3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;

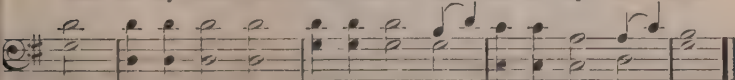


Cho.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, that Je-sus died for me,

Cho. D.C.



If Thou withdraw Thy-self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
 What pain, what la-bor to se-cure My soul from end-less death!
 And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve In this ac-cept-ed hour.



And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

121.

Gracious Spirit, Love Divine.

John Stocker.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk.



1. Gra-cious Spir - it, Love di - vine, Let Thy light with - in me shine!
 2. Speak Thy pardoning grace to me; Set the burdened sin - ner free;
 3. Life and peace to me im-part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
 4. Let me nev - er from Thee stray; Keep me in the nar - row way;

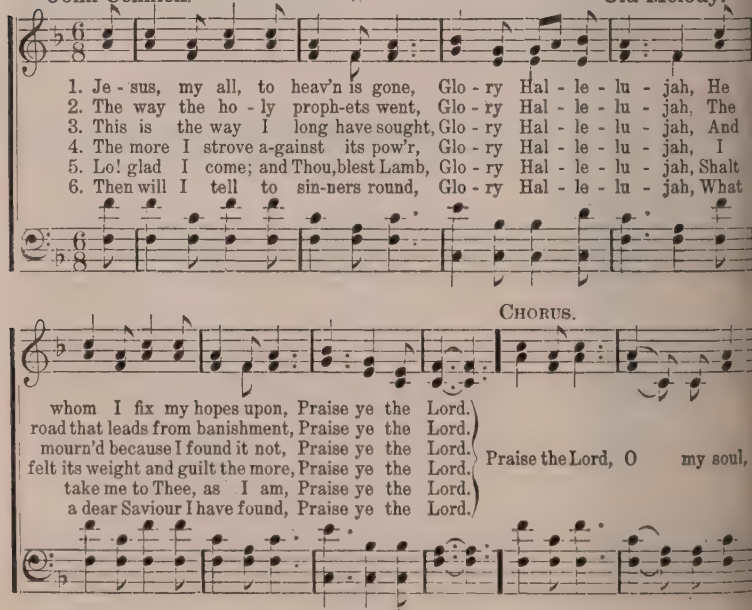
All my guilt - y fears re - move; Fill me with Thy heav'n - ly love.
 Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in His pre-cious blood.
 Breathe Thy - self in - to my breast, Earn - est of im - mor - tal rest.
 Fill my soul with joy di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.

122.

The Highway of Holiness.

John Cennick.

Old Melody.



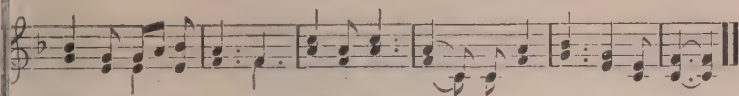
1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah, He
 2. The way the ho - ly proph-ets went, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah, The
 3. This is the way I long have sought, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah, And
 4. The more I strove a-against its pow'r, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah, I
 5. Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah, Shalt
 6. Then will I tell to sin - ners round, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah, What

CHORUS.

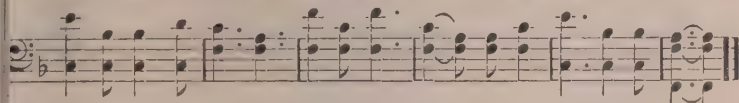
whom I fix my hopes upon, Praise ye the Lord.
 road that leads from banishment, Praise ye the Lord.
 mourn'd because I found it not, Praise ye the Lord.
 felt its weight and guilt the more, Praise ye the Lord.
 take me to Thee, as I am, Praise ye the Lord.
 a dear Saviour I have found, Praise ye the Lord.

Praise the Lord, O my soul,

The Highway of Holiness.—Concluded.



Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah; Praise the Lord, O my soul, Praise ye the Lord.



123.

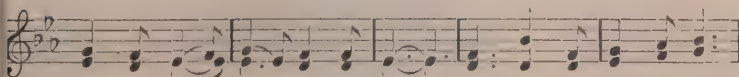
Jesus is Mine!

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar.

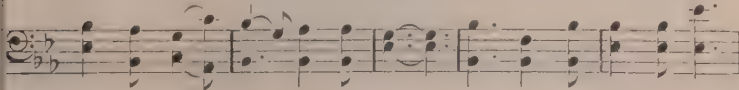
T. E. Perkins, by per.



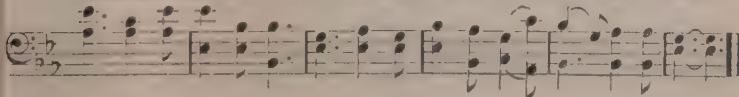
1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e-



ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness,
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
 dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,



Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Wel - come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!



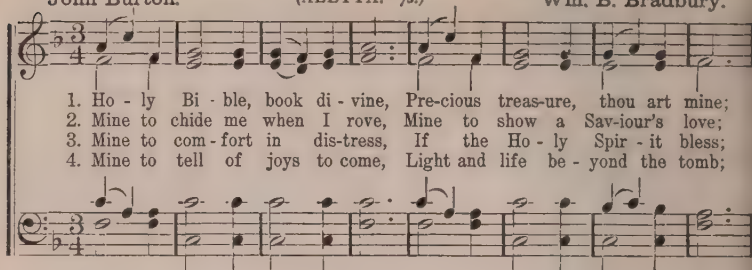
124.

Holy Bible, Book Divine.

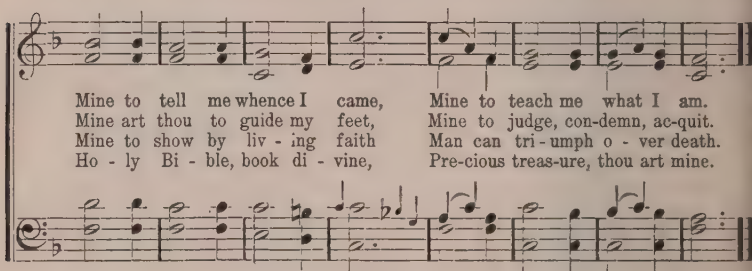
John Burton.

(ALETTA. 7s.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
 2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - iour's love;
 3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, If the Ho - ly Spir - it bless;
 4. Mine to tell of joys to come, Light and life be - yond the tomb;



Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to teach me what I am.
 Mine art thou to guide my feet, Mine to judge, con - demn, ac - quit.
 Mine to show by liv - ing faith Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
 Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.

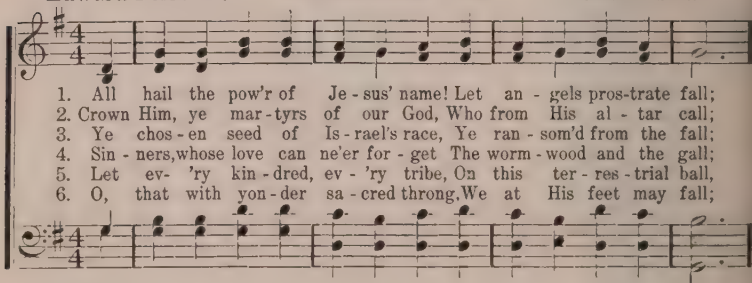
125.

All Hail the Power.

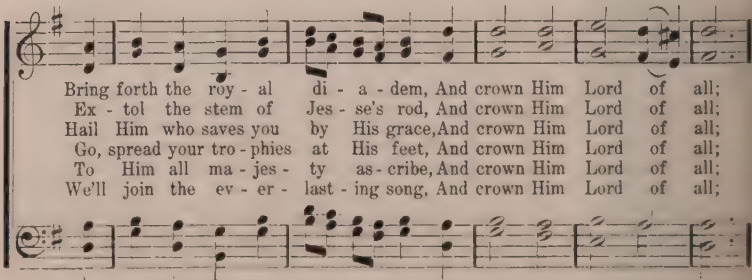
Edward Perronet.

(CORONATION. C. M.)

Oliver Holden



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
 3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - som'd from the fall;
 4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall;
 5. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 6. O, that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

All Hail the Power.—Concluded.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

26. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Old Melody.

FINE.

1. { Now I feel the sa - cred fire, Kind - ling, flam - ing, glow - ing, }
 { High - er still and ris - ing high - er, All my soul o'er - flow - ing; }
 D.C.—I was dead, but now I live, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
 2. { Now I am from bond - age freed, Ev - 'ry bond is riv - en; }
 { Je - sus makes me free in - deed, Just as free as heav - en; }
 D.C.—I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

D.C.

Life im - mor - tal I re - ceive,— Oh, the won - drous sto - ry!
 'Tis a glo - rious lib - er - ty— Oh, the won - drous sto - ry!

- 3 Let the testimony roll,
 Roll through every nation;
 Witnessing from soul to soul,
 This immense salvation.
 Now I know it's full and free;
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 For I feel it saving me,
 Glory! glory! glory!

- 4 Glory be to God on high,
 Glory be to Jesus!
 He hath brought salvation nigh,
 From all sin He frees us.

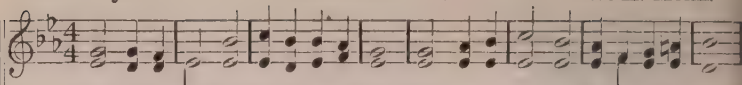
Let the golden harps of God
 Ring the wondrous story;
 Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
 Glory! glory! glory!

- 5 Let the trump of jubilee
 The glad tidings thunder;
 Jesus sets the captives free:
 Bursts their bonds asunder;
 Fetters break and dungeons fall,
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 This salvation's free to all,
 Glory! glory! glory!

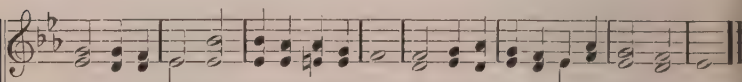
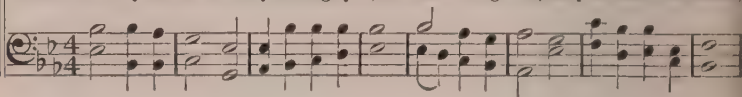
H. F. Lyte.

(EVENTIDE. 108.)

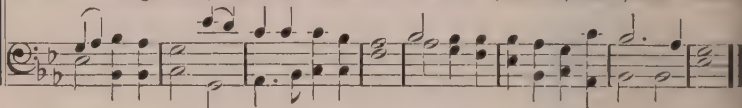
W. H. Monk.



1. Abide with me! fast falls the even-tide; The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
3. I need Thy presence ev-'ry passing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;



When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
 Change and de-cay in all around I see; O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
 Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!



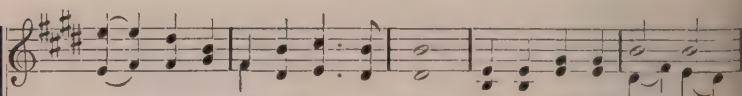
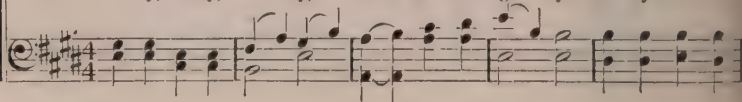
Reginald Heber.

(NICÆA. P. M.)

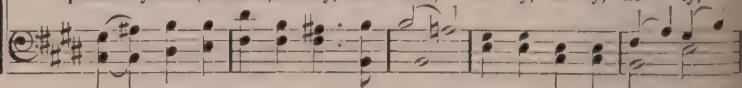
Rev. J. B. Dykes.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a-dore Thee! Cast-ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall



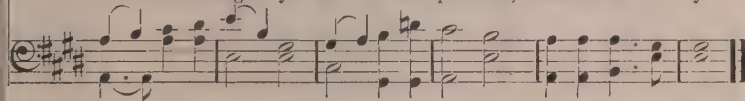
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 golden crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,



Holy, Holy, Holy.—Concluded.



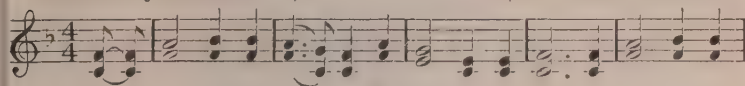
mer-ci-ful and might-y! God in three per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pur-i-ty.
Lord God Al-might-y! God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!



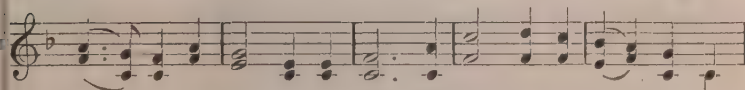
129. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

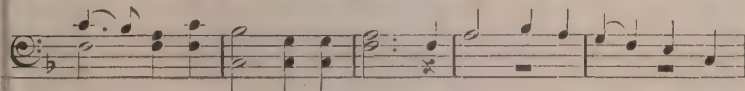
A. J. Gordon.



1. My Je-sus, I love Thee; I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo-ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev-er a-



fol-lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my
par-don on Cal-va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
long as Thou lend-est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit-ter-ing



Sav-iour art Thou, If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow, If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, "If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now."
crown on my brow, "If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now."



130. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Christopher Wordsworth.

(Crucifix. 7s. 6s.)

Greek Melody.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, } On Thee, the high and lowly,
 { O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; }
 2. { On Thee, at the creation, The light first had its birth, } On Thee our Lord victorious,
 { On Thee, for our salvation, Christ rose from depths of earth; }
 3. { To-day, on weary nations, The heav'nly manna falls; } Where gospel light is glowing
 { To holy con-vo-ca-tions, The silver trumpet calls, }

Bend-ing be-fore the throne, Sing Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the Great Three in One.
 The Spirit sent from heav'n: And thus on Thee most glo-rious A triple light was giv'n.
 With pure and radiant beams, And living water flowing With soul-refreshing streams.

131. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Sidney Dyer.

Lowell Mason.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; }
 { Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit.) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
 2. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sunny noon; }
 { Fill bright-est hours with la-bor, (Omit.) } Rest comes sure and soon.
 3. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Under the sunset skies; }
 { While their bright tints are glowing, (Omit.) } Work, for the daylight flies.

Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
 Give ev-ry fly-ing min-ute Some-thing to keep in store;
 Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to shine no more;

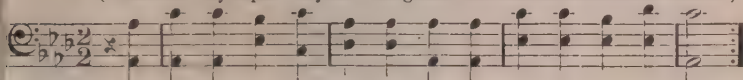
We are Passing Away.

J. Hart.

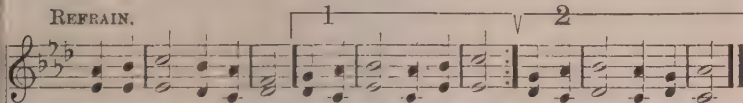
Arr. by W. J. K.



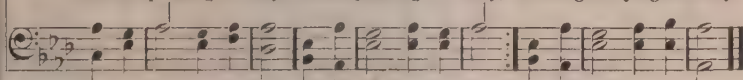
1. { Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear; Re-pent, thine end is nigh; }
 { Death, at the farthest, can't be far: O think be-fore thou die. }
 2. { Rê-flect, thou hast a soul to save; Thy sins, how high they mount! }
 { What are thy hopes be-yond the grave? How stands that dark ac-count? }



REFRAIN.



We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way, To the great judg-ment day.

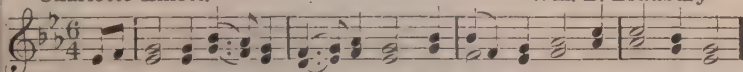


3. Death enters, and there's no defence,
 His time there's none can tell;
 He'll in a moment call thee hence,
 To heaven, or down to hell.
4. Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
 Shall into dust consume;
 But, ah! Destruction ends not there,
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.

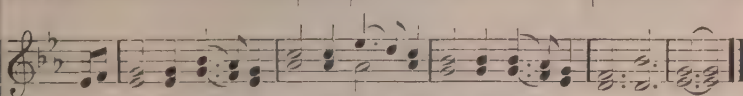
Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

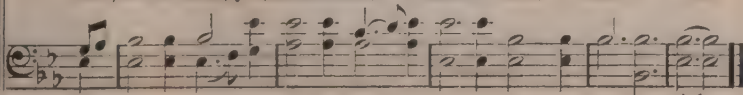
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 6. Just as I am—Thy love unknown Hath brok-en ev-'ry bar-rier down;



And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fightings within and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



Dr. H. J. Zellej.

Arr. by Rev. Wm. Stone.

1. I sought the gra-cious mercy-seat, And bowed in humblest worship there;
 2. I read that by the al-tar true, The hum-ble gifts are sanc-ti-fied;
 3. I heard the voice of Christ, my Lord, "Look un-to Me, be not a-fraid:"
 4. My cry was heard, and from the throne The fire came down and purged me there;

I laid my all at Je-sus' feet, And offered up this earnest pray'r:
 I free-ly gave up all I knew, Then looked to heav'n and boldly cried:
 I claimed the promise of His word, With humble con-fi-dence I prayed:
 I sing, since I am His a-lone, A song of praise instead of pray'r:

CHORUS.

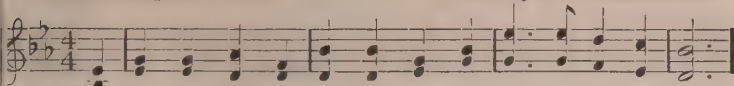
"Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il - lu - min - ate my soul;
 last V. "Re - fin - ing fire, goes thro' my heart, Il - lu - min - ates my soul;

Scat-ter Thy life thro' ev-'ry part, And sanc-ti-fy the whole."
 Scat-ters His life thro' ev-'ry part, And sanc-ti-fies the whole."

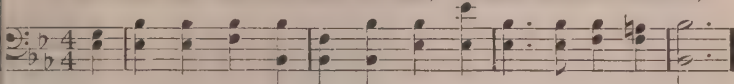
135. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.

Thomas Shepherd. Alt.

Arr. by Rev. Wm. Stone.



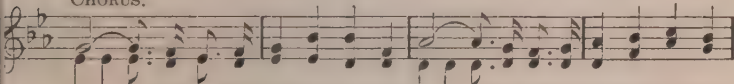
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor-row-ing here!
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;



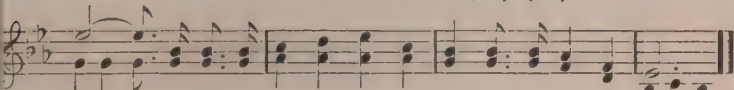
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.



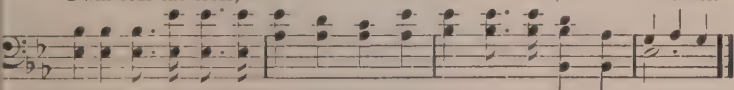
CHORUS.



I will bear the cross for Je - sus, I will bear the cross for Je - sus,
I will bear the cross, I will bear the cross,



I will bear the cross for Je - sus, He bore the cross for me.
I will bear the cross, for me.



Arr. Copyright, MCM, by C. Austin Miles. Used by per.

136. I'll Bear the Cross.

1 I'll bear the cross for Jesus' sake,
Though heavy is the load;
For when the cross I gladly take,
It lifts me up to God.

2 I'll bear the cross, and ever will
His true disciple be,
Who up the side of Calvary's hill
Once bore His cross for me.

3 I'll bear the cross from day to day,
As needed strength is given;
And with it climb the upward way,
The royal road to heaven.

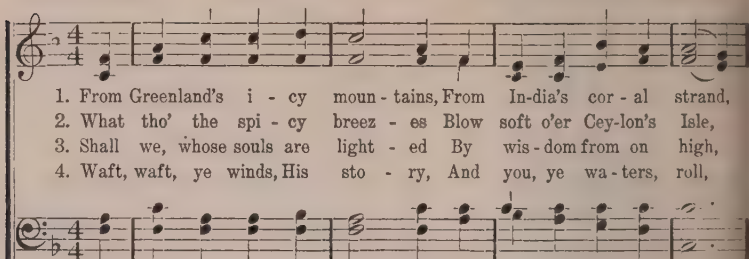
4 I'll bear the cross while life shall last,
And never lay it down;
Till all the toil of life is past,
And I receive my crown.

Copyright, MCM, by Dr. H. J. Zolley.

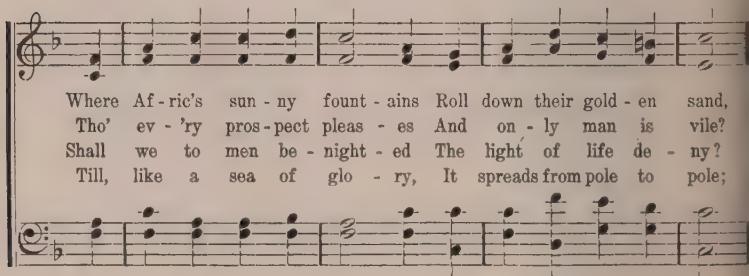
137. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber.

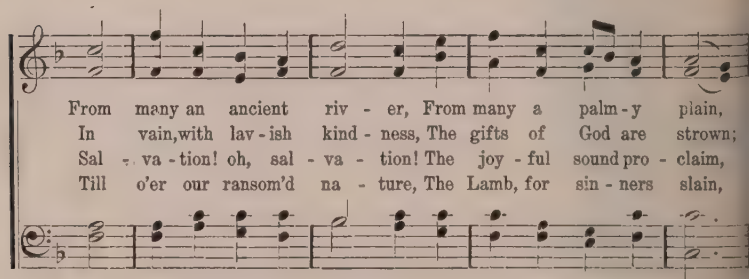
(MISSIONARY HYMN.) 7s. & 6s. Dr. Lowell Mason.



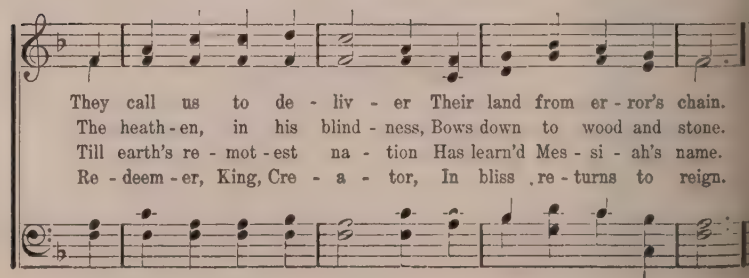
1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
 2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's Isle,
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed By wis - dom from on high,
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,
 Tho' ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es And on - ly man is vile?
 Shall we to men be - night - ed The light of life de - ny?
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



From many an ancient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
 In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown;
 Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 Till o'er our ransom'd na - ture, The Lamb, for sin - ners slain,



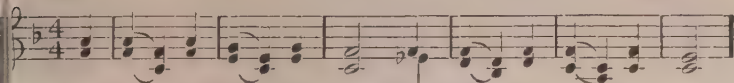
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 The heath - en, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

38. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

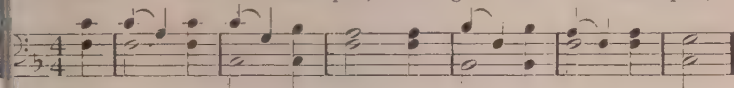
John Fawcett

(DENNIS.)

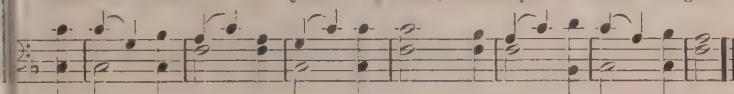
Hans Georgi Naegeli.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;



The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er 'dows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

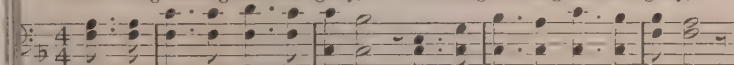


39. The Way to the Cross.

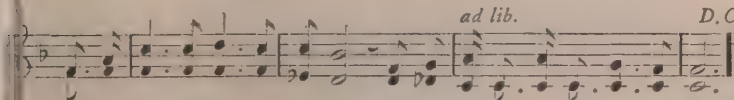
Arr



1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glory, He will give me grace and glory,



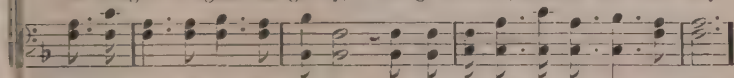
D. C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,



ad lib.

D. C.

I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross, and fol-low, follow Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



Where He leads me I will follow; I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

140. Come, Holy Spirit,¹ Heavenly Dove,

Isaac Watts.

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

T. A. Arne.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning powers;
 2. See how we gro - vel here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys:
 3. In vain we tune our life - less songs, In vain we strive to rise:
 4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning powers;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav - iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

141. O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

(ANTIOCH. C. M.)

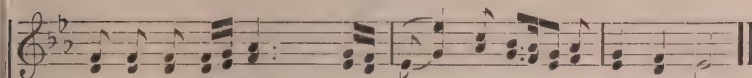
Arr. from G. F. Handel.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem - er's praise, The
 2. My gracious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim, To
 3. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis
 4. He breaks the pow'r of reign - ing sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free; His
 5. He speaks, and, list'ning to His voice, New life the dead re - ceive; The

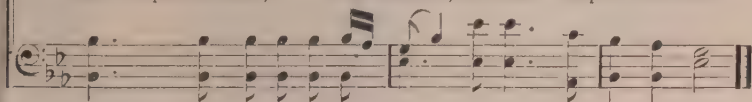
glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The
 spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name, The
 mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis
 blood can make the foul - est clean, His blood a - vailed for me, His
 mournful, bro - ken hearts re - joice; The hum - ble poor be - lieve, The

The triumphs of His
 The honors of Thy, etc.

O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing.—Concluded.



triumphs of His grace,	The triumphs, the tri-umphs of His grace.
hon-ors of Thy name,	The hon-ors, the hon - ors of Thy name.
life, and health, and peace,	'Tis life, 'tis life, and health, and peace.
blood availed for me,	His blood, His blood a-vailed for ' me.
hum-ble poor be-lieve,	The hum-ble, the hum - ble poor be-lieve.



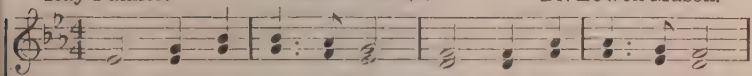
grace, The tri-umphs of His grace;

142. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

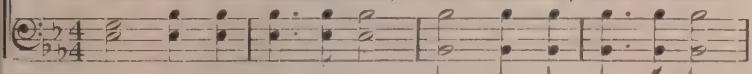
Ray Palmer.

(OLIVET. 6s. 4s.)

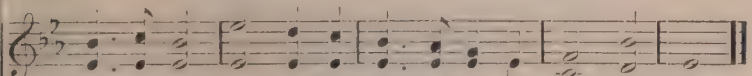
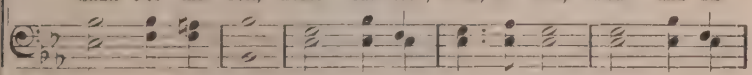
Dr. Lowell Mason.



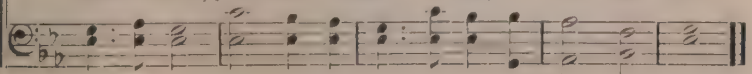
1. My faith looks up to Thee,	Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im-part	Strength to my faint-ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread,	And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream,	When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis-



guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
tress re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - som'd soul.



143. The Morning Light is Breaking.

Rev. George Duffield, Jr.

(WEBB. 7s. 6s.)

J. G. Webb.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears, The sons of earth are waking
 2. See heathen nation's bending Before the God of love, And thousand hearts ascending
 3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pursue thy onward way: Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion

D.S.—Of nations in com - mo - tion,
D.S.—And seek a Saviour's bless - ing,
D.S.—Stay not till all the ho - ly

FINE.

To pen - i - ten - tial tears. Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar,
 In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sinners, now confessing, The gospel's call o - bey,
 Nor in thy richness stay; Stay not till all the lowly, Triumphant, reach their home;

Prepared for Zi-on's war.
 A na - tion in a day.
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

144. How Firm a Foundation.

(PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.)

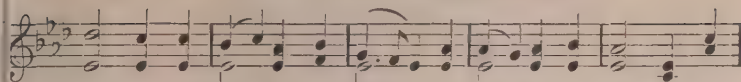
Keith, in Rippon's Selections.

J. Reading.

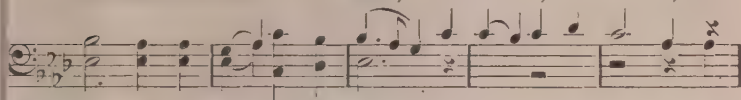
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dis - mayed! I,
 3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The
 4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose I

laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word; What more can He
 I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,
 riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be
 will not, I will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all

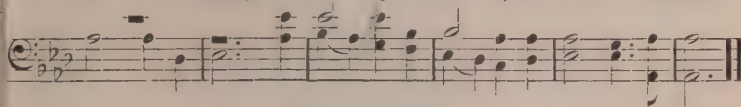
How Firm a Foundation.—Concluded.



say than to you He hath said, —To you who for ref - uge to
help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My right-eous, om-
with thee, thy troubles to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy
hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no



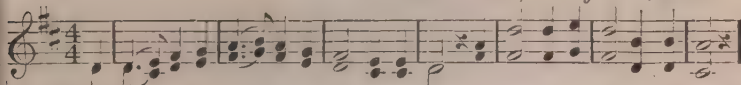
Je - sus have fled? To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by My right-eous, om - nip - o - tent hand."
deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress."
nev - er for - sake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake."



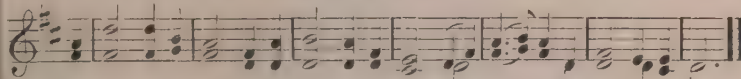
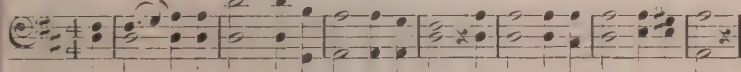
145.

My Beloved.

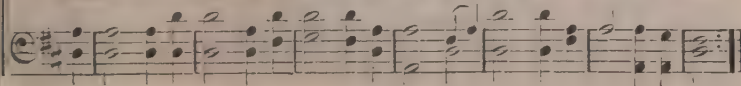
Freeman Lewis, arr. by H. P. Main.



1. O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in af - lic - tion I call,
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
3. O why should I wan - der an a - lien from Thee, Or cry in the des - ert for bread?
4. Ye daughters of Zi - on, declare, have you seen The star that on Is - ra - el shone?
5. He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice And myr - i - ads wait for His word;
6. Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will fol - low Thy call; I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;



My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
Say, why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or alone in this wilderness rove?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
Say, if in your tents my Be - lov - ed has been, And where with His flocks He is gone.
He speaks! and e - ter - ni - ty, filled with His voice, Re - ec - hoes the praise of the Lord.
Restore and de - fend me, for Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ever rejoice.



146. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

Charles Wesley.

(ZUNDEL. 8s. 7s.)

John Zundel.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy Ho-ly Spir-it In-to ev-'ry troub-led breast;
 3. Car-ry on Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and ho-ly may we be;

FINE.
 Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
 Let us all Thy grace in-her-it; Let us find Thy prom-ised rest;
 Let us see our whole sal-va-tion Per-fect-ly se-cured by Thee;

D.S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.

D.S.—End the work of Thy be-gin-ning; Bring us to e-ter-nal day.

D.S.—Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

D.S.
 Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
 Take a-way the love of sin-ning; Take our load of guilt a-way;
 Change from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

147. Jesus Shall Reign.

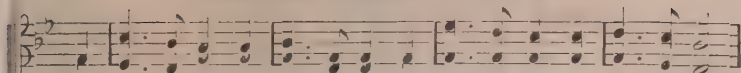
Rev. Isaac Watts.

Karl Wilhelm.

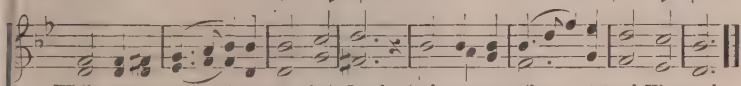
1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;
 2. To Him shall end-less pray'r be made And end-less prais-es crown His head;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morning sac-ri-fice.

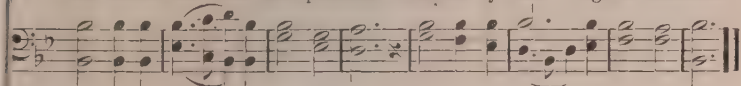
Jesus Shall Reign.—Concluded.



From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their homage at His feet;
Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song,



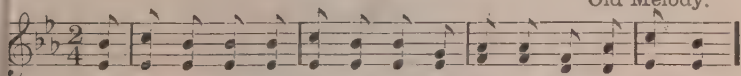
While western em - pires own their Lord, And savage tribes at - tend His word.
And in - fant voi - ces shall proclaim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.



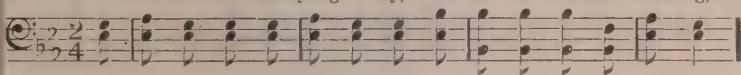
148.

At the Fountain.

Old Melody.



1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking,
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the fountain drinking,
3. Tho' sin and sor - row wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking,
4. Where'er I am, where'er I move, I'm at the fountain drinking,
5. In - sa - tiate to this spring I fly, I'm at the fountain drinking,



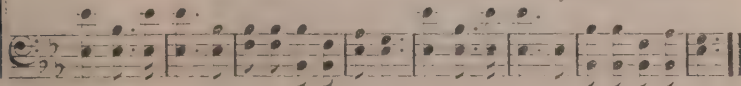
I could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my journey home.
Ask and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my journey home.
Je - sus, Thy balm will make me whole, I'm on my journey home.
I meet the ob - ject of my love, I'm on my journey home.
I drink and yet am ev - er dry, I'm on my journey home.



CHORUS




Glo - ry to God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glo - ry to God, I'm on my journey home.
Last verse. My soul is sat - is - fied.




S. C. Kirk.

Adam Geibel.

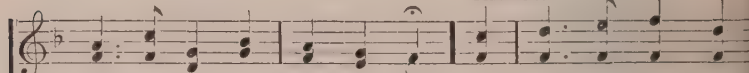


1. I'm drink - ing at the Gos - pel wells Whose fount is by the
 2. I'm drink - ing at the Gos - pel wells, The heal - ing wa - ter
 3. I'm drink - ing at the Gos - pel wells Re - fresh - ing draughts of
 4. I'm drink - ing at the Gos - pel wells, I find them all a -

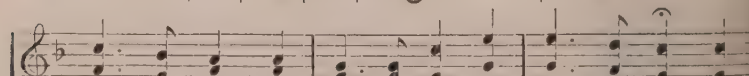


throne a - bove; I'm drink - ing at the Gos - pel wells, The
 of His grace, Which ev - 'ry taint of sin dis - pels, And
 joy and peace; All oth - er joy the draught ex - cels, And,
 long the way; O how my heart with rap - ture swells! I

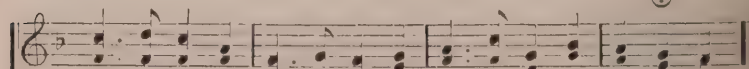
CHORUS.



foun - tain of re - deem - ing love.
 makes my heart His dwell - ing place. } O how my heart with
 best of all, it does not cease.
 find them sweet - er ev - 'ry day.



rap - ture swells, While drink - ing at the Gos - pel wells; 'Tis

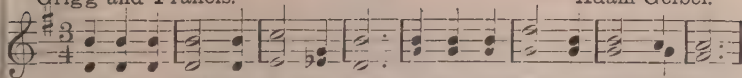


on - ly he who drinks it knows How sweet and pure the wa - ter flows.

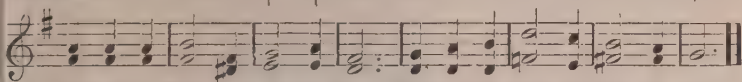
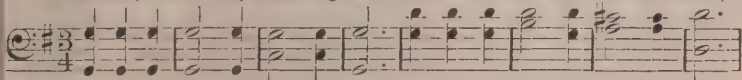
150. Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be.

Grigg and Francis.

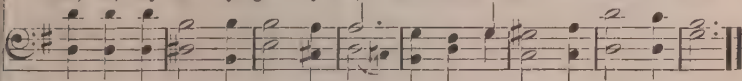
Adam Geibel.



1. Je-sus, and shall it ev - er be - A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?
2. A-shamed of Je-sus!—that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend?
3. A-shamed of Je-sus!—yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way,
4. Till then,—nor is my boast-ing vain,—Till then, I boast a Sav-iour slain;



A-shamed of Thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days?
No,—when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
And, oh, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a - shamed of me.



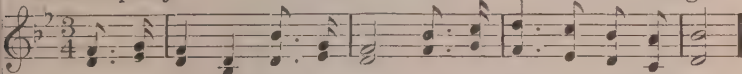
Copyright, MCMII, by Adam Geibel.

151. Rock of Ages.

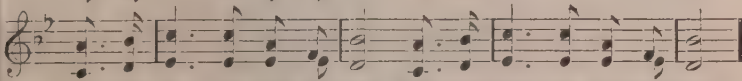
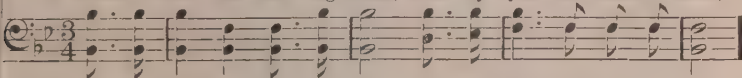
A. M. Toplady.

(TOPLADY. 7s. 61.)

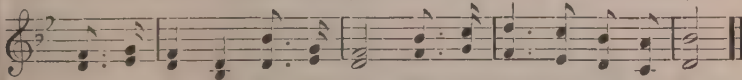
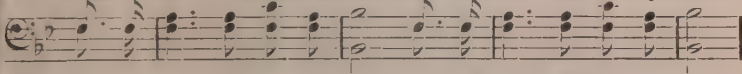
Thos. Hastings.



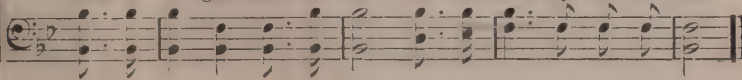
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



152. Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

Joseph Hart.

(First Tune.)

Anon.

FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; (Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.)

D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

153. Come, Ye Sinners.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies:
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

Joseph Hart

154. Hear, and Live.

- 1 Sinner, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence. O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in His name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in His name."
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor:
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears.
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay;
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

Jonathan Allen.

155. The Last Call.

- 1 Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour!
Ere the hand of justice falls;
Hear, O sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.
- 2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour!
Seek His mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away;
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

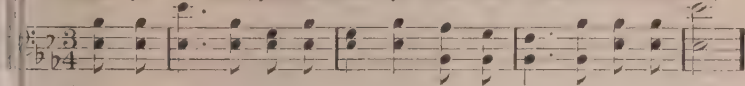
56. Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

(Second Tune.)

Rev. Wm. Stone.



1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;



8:

FINE.



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.



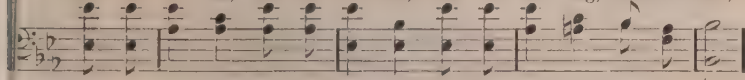
D.S.—He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

CHORUS.

D.S.



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more,

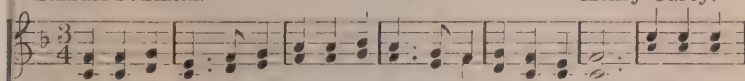


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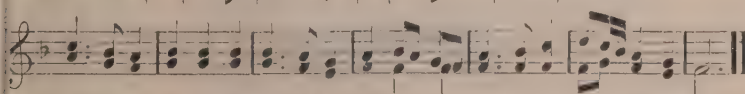
57. My Country 'tis of Thee.

Samuel F. Smith.

Henry Carey.



1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na - tive country, thee—Land of the noble free—Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our



fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
Tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
Land be bright, With freedom's holy light: Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



158.

He is Calling.

Faber.

Arr. by S. J. Vail.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good:
 3. For the love of God is broader Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 There is mer-cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful and kind.
 And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweet-ness of the Lord.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to Me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to Thee.

159.

Praise God from Whom.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him above, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

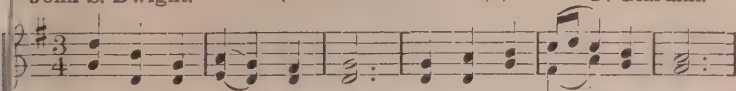
60.

God Bless Our Native Land.

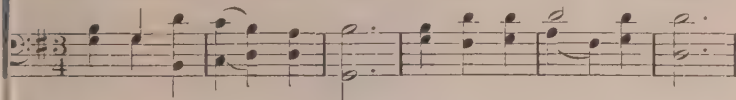
John S. Dwight.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s. 4s.)

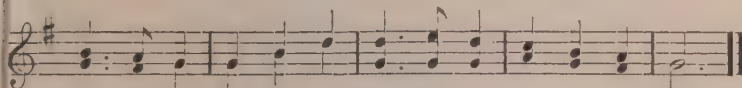
F. Giardini.



1. God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand
 2. For her our prayers shall rise To God, a - bove the skies;
 3. To God,—the Fa - ther, Son, And Spir - it, Three in One,



- Thro' storm and night; When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of
 On Him we wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guardian with
 All praise be giv'n! Crown Him in ev - 'ry song; To Him your



- winds and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
 watch-ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry: "God save the state."
 hearts be-long; Let all His praise pro-long,—On earth, in heav'n.



161.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

1. Come, Thou Almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise.
 Father! all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days.

2. Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword;
 Our prayer attend.
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy word success;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

3. Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour.
 Thou, Who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

4. To Thee, great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

Charles Wesley.

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